

H. G. Bush.

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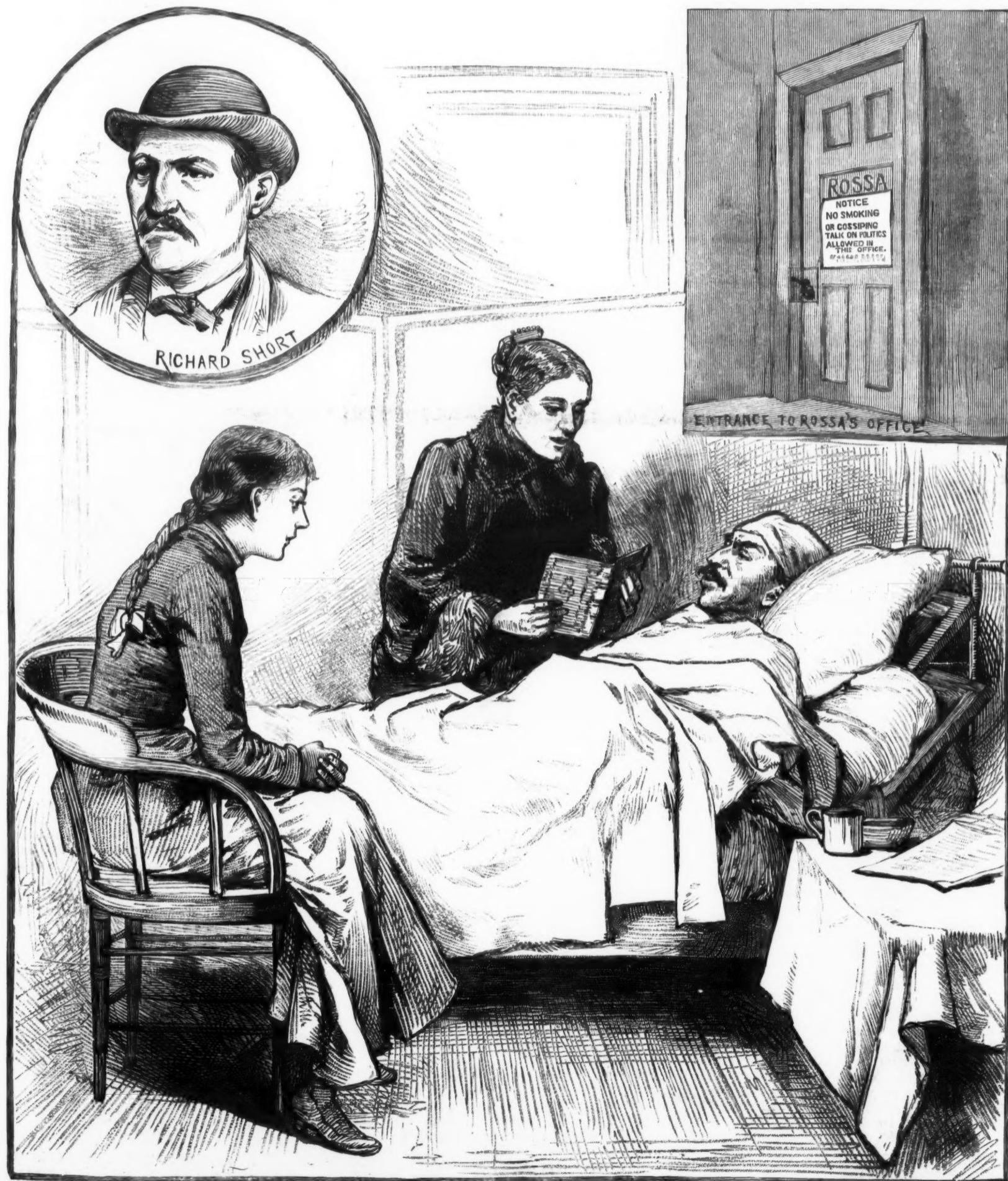
FRANK LESLIE'S WEEKLY JOURNAL NEWSPAPER

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THE WIFE OF CAPT. PHELAN READING TO HER HUSBAND.—FROM A SKETCH IN THE HOSPITAL.

NEW YORK CITY.—THE ATTEMPTED ASSASSINATION OF CAPT. THOMAS PHELAN—THE SCENE AND AUTHOR OF THE TRAGEDY.
SEE PAGE 374.

FRANK LESLIE'S
ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER,
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Mrs. FRANK LESLIE, Proprietor.

NEW YORK, JANUARY 24, 1885.

THE UNITED STATES AT THE BERLIN CONFERENCE.

THREE is one fact which contemporary writers in this country seem to ignore when discussing the action of the United States in being represented at the Berlin Conference. It is this: We have a black population of 6,500,000 in the Union, while Portugal, the contesting Power, claiming by right of discovery and occupation the Lower Congo, has a population of less than 4,000,000. This at least shows that we as a nation should have a strong sentimental reason for extending our goodwill and even material aid, if absolutely necessary, to the black races of Africa now so rapidly coming within the orbit of civilization. Indeed should it not occur to some of the lusty denouncers of the policy of our being represented at Berlin, that on the banks of the Congo, and in a very short time, too, there may occur abundant chances for our Southern colored statesmen to lead their ignorant African brethren into the paths of remunerative industry and knowledge? What nobler mission for instance could crown the distinguished life-labors of Frederick Douglass than to assist to form a State government with an adequate constitution whereby the 50,000,000 of people dwelling in those equatorial valleys could hasten their deliverance and enjoy a prosperity commensurate with the amazing abundance of their territory? No region of the earth ever started off in the march toward civilization under better auspices, or with more flattering prospects, than the new Congo State; and with such men as Frederick Douglass, John M. Langston and ex-Senator Bruce, and hundreds of others encouraging these lately found people, it is not impossible that a new commercial relation might be established between our own country and the Congo.

It may certainly be urged that the United States has large and important interests *in futuro* in seeing that the Congo shall not go to a Power like Portugal, whose infamous, corrupt and imbecile rule in her island and Continental colonies is a byword and reproach of the Eastern world. And herein lies the chief point of the entire dispute and the actual *raison d'état* of the Berlin Conference, called ostensibly by Prince Bismarck to discover what rights Germany and other Powers might have who have recently undertaken settlements on the western coast of Africa. It is claimed by those who criticise the policy of our Government that the appearance of our delegates at Berlin will hamper us in the future assertion of the Monroe Doctrine, and will lead us into hopeless European complications which it has been our wise and traditional policy to avoid. While this might be true if this were a body like the Congress of Paris, of Vienna, or other historical bodies which have re-adjusted the map of Europe and the colonial relations of the several States, it is going too far to assert that a mere "conference" entails precedents or obligations binding any party thereto to a fixed and unalterable policy in matters entirely extraneous to the gathering. For all practical purposes the Berlin body under Prince Bismarck's presidency assumes to settle in the broadest way what measure of protection the civilized nations of the earth may guarantee to the infant State of Congo, in return for trade facilities, orderly government and civilizing enterprises which it shall undertake to carry out. By being present by delegates at such a gathering, the United States assumes no obligations as many argue other than a moral one in community with other Powers. At least the Conference will sweep away the absurd pretensions of Portugal, which, if acceded to, would have given over the whole of Central Africa to her slave-hunting emissaries and extortionate officials.

AN OBJECT-LESSON.

THE Exposition at New Orleans furnishes a hint in regard to the supply of a very great want in this country — namely, a more intimate knowledge of the various States, their productions, resources, and the inducements they severally offer to immigrants. It is true that many large parties coming from abroad, through the services of advance agents, know exactly where to go on their arrival here; but a far greater number land at Castle Garden entirely in the dark in regard to their future course. The whole country is before them, but with limited means and burdened with families, they cannot travel far with uncertain steps. They could afford, however, to pay handsomely for such information as would enable them to place themselves and their means to the best advantage. Some are farmers and some are mechanics, and each man naturally asks the question, "Where will such talents as I have the soonest produce me the comforts of a home?"

This question the New Orleans Exposition answers by the best object-lesson ever placed before the eye of a learner. At the Philadelphia Centennial a number of the States erected buildings in which they made interesting exhibits, as did some of the more important railroads; but here, in this Southern World's Fair, in a single build-

ing all the States are congregated. They set forth their productions—agricultural, mineral and industrial; they give statistics of population, school facilities, crop products, and whatever else can be of interest, and if a man cannot here determine where to locate, no outward help will be of any use to him. He can learn here about the railroads, the markets, the cost of lands and of labor, and of all the various industries in which, possibly, he may find employment. To the South especially this setting forth is most valuable. At the West the railroads, through their own publications, furnish most valuable information; but at the South transportation is only beginning to be fairly developed, and the ways and means employed by the North for obtaining publicity are almost unknown.

What a marvel of wealth the South is can nowhere be better learned than at this Exposition. Cotton and sugar, which were formerly the only staples, are now sharing the field with corn and oats, and with fruits that rival the tropics in variety and attractiveness. Thousands of acres are being set out with the cocoanut, and the lemon is discovered to be more profitable than the orange. What with the mildness and salubrity of the climate, and the comparative ease and cheapness of living, the South offers inducements to the poor man such as he can find nowhere else, and if its population is not doubled within the next decade it will simply be because it fails to utilize its opportunity.

But what we especially desire to enforce is the advantage of diffusing more extended information regarding the States and Territories than has yet been furnished. Such an exhibit as New Orleans now possesses if permanently established in New York would be of immense value to the immigrants congregating here, but lacking that we need more thorough compilations of facts and figures than we now have—completer presentations of all those little things as well as big that help a man to make up his mind whither to direct his steps.

TARDY JUSTICE.

AS soon as General Grant's second term of the Presidency expired, he ought to have been put on the retired list of the army with restored rank equivalent to that which he resigned in order to serve the people. Such an act was called for in the interest of simple justice. Indeed, it seems to us that every man who has resigned his commission in the regular army in order either to serve as President or to accept a nomination as President, ought to be replaced, under the implied assurance that no man shall suffer because of responding to the call of the people in any sphere of duty. The great majority which the measure to restore General Grant to the army received in the Senate, last week, is a matter for general congratulation. Of course, the negative votes were all Democratic, but it is gratifying that some of the Senators lately allied with the Rebellion were warmly in favor of the Bill.

Mr. Vanderbilt's effort to relieve his distinguished creditor has been not merely honorable, but very noble in its generosity. He has done far more than he was called upon to do by the circumstances of the case, and his letters to General and Mrs. Grant not only prove that he is by no means the selfish and mercenary being that agrarians are fond of calling him, but that the report that on one occasion he profanely alleged his total indifference to the welfare of the public, is, probably, what he always declared it to be, a lie. Certainly Mr. Vanderbilt has never stood so high in the regard and respect of the citizens of this country as he stands to-day.

GERMAN WOMEN IN POLITICS.

THE woman question, so-called, has not heretofore found a congenial soil in Germany; but the refusal of the Reichstag to comply with Bismarck's request for an extra appropriation to increase the salaries of his assistants in the Foreign Department, has had the effect of bringing the women to the front to rebuke and resist what is generally regarded as a petty insult to the Chancellor. For two or three weeks past they have been busy at work organizing clubs in every district in large cities, and in almost every hamlet of the Empire for the purpose of "rebuking the majority in the Reichstag and making plain to the Emperor and the Chancellor the real sentiments of the German people." These clubs, through their central organization in Berlin, have issued a manifesto calling upon all the women of the Empire to devote their energies to procuring signatures to a memorial which is being circulated by properly accredited agents, and is to be presented to the Chancellor when all the names obtainable are returned to the central organization. The signers place opposite their names the sums they pledge themselves to contribute to a colossal fund which the women propose to present to Bismarck in the shape of an investment capable of yielding interest sufficient to defray all the expenses he may be at in enlarging the sphere of the Department of Foreign Affairs. This manifesto contains such sentences as this: "The women of Germany take this means to declare to the world that they denounce the Reichstag, which has insulted the man who, with our husbands fourteen years ago, daily exposed his life in the country of Germany's enemy to protect our Fatherland; and who since, by his wise and

energetic national policy, has prevented other wars, thereby saving the lives of our sons."

It matters little, comparatively, that this interference with politics on the part of the women of Germany is apparently in the interest of Imperialism. In some respects it is all the more significant on this account. It shows that there is a spirit abroad among women, even in monarchical countries, which impels them to take an active part in political affairs. The woman movement, so called, in this country and in England, is bearing fruit in all civilized nations, and cannot be arrested before the equal civil rights of women are universally acknowledged.

It is but fifty years since the women of this country, who dared to memorialize Congress and the State Legislatures in behalf of anti-slavery measures, were denounced by press and pulpit as having thereby unsexed themselves. In three of the Territories of the Union women are now voters, and in a number of the States there is a growing public sentiment in favor of investing them with the ballot. It is no disgrace now for a woman to avow a hearty interest in political movements; and, if she may not vote, she is held to be within her sphere while doing all in her power to persuade men to vote in accordance with her opinions. The German women would, perhaps, disclaim any intention of ever going so far as this; but such a disclaimer, in view of their public actions, would be worse than idle. They are building better than they know or even suspect, and their action will tend directly and powerfully to strengthen a movement to which they are not now prepared to commit themselves.

THE DISINTEGRATION OF THE MORMON POWER.

WHILE Congress sits dismayed before the Mormon power, a significant movement for its overthrow is in progress. This movement consists simply in the intellectual and moral education of the children of Utah. Though lacking a general public recognition, it is strong and aggressive. Bearing the name of the New West Education Commission, with such officers as the Rev. Dr. Noble, and Rev. Dr. Simson Gilbert, of Chicago, supported by a large and generous constituency, it has for five years supported schools in many villages and towns of the great Territory. It owns property in Utah of the value of \$70,000. It is now annually spending more than \$70,000 in the equipment of about forty schools and in the support of more than sixty teachers. More than 3,000 pupils are enrolled, about half of whom are of Mormon parentage.

Despite the opposition of Mormon officials, this movement for the disintegration of their rule flourishes. Parents are willing, if not glad, to have their children instructed in Gentile schools by Gentile teachers. So able are these teachers, most of whom are graduates of Eastern colleges and schools, that the scholars at once become interested in their studies. It is often difficult, it is true, to open a school; suspicions of every kind abound. But once established, the school continues and flourishes. Not a few of these schools have three-score of students each, under the care of a single teacher. The need of intellectual instruction is great. Not only gross ignorance but gross errors prevail. Joseph Smith, it is taught, was the great founder of the American Government, and John Taylor, the pupils believe, is its President. Not a little of the teaching of the Mormon schools and text-books is not only false, but treasonable. Moral instruction as well as intellectual is given in the schools of the Commission. The design of building up noble character in the students is constantly cherished. Many villages have thus been transformed. Mormon communities have become more or less honeycombed with good influences. Communities formed of apostles to Mormonism, who are often apostles to much that is true and righteous, are often won back to truth and virtue.

In this process of disintegration is to be noted that these schools are centres of discussion. Imposture dreads nothing more than discussion, and these schools are centres of debate. They serve to indicate, too, that the sentiment of the American people towards the members of the Mormon community is one of kindness. This sentiment is one of regard for the Mormon sinner, though one of hatred towards the Mormon sin and error. These schools, moreover, foster a spirit of patriotism. To children they open up a new world, and to women beginning to question the divine sanction of polygamy they give moral support and sympathy. Many such women there are who find in these school-teachers deliverers from domestic slavery and moral thralldom. These schools are thus laying the foundations of a Christian State. Though not obviating the present necessity of wise and prompt legislation, they are wiping out evils and instituting reforms concerning which the law would for years be comparatively powerless. They are also rendering more easy and efficient the execution of such legislative measures as Congress may pass.

THE COMMERCIAL OUTLOOK.

THE expectation of a prosperous state of trade during the year just entered upon is general; not merely among theoretical economists, but among practical business men; not merely among those who are so frequently unable to recognize the commercial signs of the times,

but among those who endure the heat and burden of what may not unappropriately be termed the commercial conflict.

It certainly may be said that the business interests of the country are in an anomalous condition, and that anomalies are usually short lived. There is really no lack of money; there is a bank reserve in New York city alone of \$125,000,000. But there has been for some time past a lack of something that may be at times almost as necessary as money—namely, confidence. Wealthy investors have, in some cases, not even trusted the banks, to say nothing of any of the other forms of investment held out by the trading and financial world. They have in hundreds of cases preferred to deposit their funds with trust companies, there to lie idle until times should change. The banks have refused to discount paper which would once have been readily accepted. In some cases they have refused to make a discount of fifteen per cent., so great has been their timidity. Merchants have complained greatly at what they have termed the overcaution of the banks, and they think that the revival of trade has been measurably retarded thereby.

But this state of affairs, many contend, must soon improve. We have raised a corn crop of 1,800,000 bushels, or the largest on record, and the same may be said of the wheat yield, which reached 520,000,000 bushels. The production of coal and petroleum is not far behind that of the most prosperous years, and the same is true of beef, pork and other meat products. The exports of grain last year were only 158,000,000 bushels, but there are indications that there will be a material increase very shortly. The visible supply of wheat alone in the marts of the world is some 12,000,000 bushels less than at this time last year, and exporters have recently been compelled to purchase in New York at a marked advance in prices. The supply of corn is so well under control at the distributing markets that speculators were recently able to advance the price twenty cents a bushel in a single day.

The cotton crop may not be more than 5,750,000 bales, but an advance in price will offset that fact if the receipts at the Southern ports during the present month clearly point to another small crop. Finally, we have the greatest railroad system in the world, now extending over 125,000 miles; we have had a prolonged period of dullness of trade, which must necessarily be succeeded by greater activity on the principle quite as applicable to commerce as to physics, that reaction is equal to action; and we have a population of some 55,000,000, which has no lack of courage or enterprise, and which will soon, favored by the natural laws of business, set the wheels of traffic in motion again, and start anew with augmented life and vigor after the long and tedious, but nevertheless salutary, resting spell.

ECHOES FROM ABROAD.

THE French Premier has at last fully committed himself to the energetic policy in China which was foreshadowed by his appointment of General Lewal as the successor of General Campon in the War Office. On the 14th instant, M. Ferry, in the Chamber of Deputies, made the official announcement that the Government intended immediately to press the campaign in Tonquin, and would not stop until it had occupied the entire country up to the frontier of the Chinese Empire. Fortifying himself with the authority of General Lewal, the Premier declared that there were 3,000,000 men in the Republic, the best soldiers in the world, ready to march at a moment's notice in the cause of France. In the Chamber and throughout the country generally, this speech produced a sensation not unmixed with foreboding and discontent. It is plain, from recent experience, that the undertaking will be a costly one, which the French people are not likely, just now, to contemplate with enthusiasm. The revolt in Cambodia threatens to embarrass the French in the East by necessitating the strengthening of the garrison in Cochin China at the same time that reinforcements are required in Tonquin. Moreover, there is Madagascar to be looked after. Altogether the schemes of conquest and annexation to which France finds herself given over are assuming formidable proportions.

Another portentous foreign topic of the past week has been the development, on the part of German Anarchists, of a Russian Nihilistic policy of warfare by assassination. Berlin was startled on the morning of the 14th instant by the announcement that Herr Rumpff, the Police Councillor of Frankfort-on-the-Main, had been murdered in front of his own residence, in a prominent thoroughfare, the night before. Herr Rumpff was actively connected with the recent prosecution of the Niederwald conspirators, and there seems to be no doubt his murder was an act of revenge committed by the friends of the condemned Anarchists. The assassin has not been discovered, although a reward of \$2,500 has been offered for his capture, and the police of Austria are co-operating with those of Germany in the effort to prevent his escape. The murdered Chief of Police was a faithful and esteemed servant of Prince Bismarck, and the news of his fate was received with consternation at court.

The settlement of the Egyptian financial question still engages the attention of the Powers. Germany has formally rejected the English proposals and accepted the counter propositions submitted by France, and it is understood that Austria and Russia will concur in the French position. The scheme proposed by France was distinctly rejected by England at the Egyptian Conference held last Spring, and that Government cannot now be expected to recede from that determination. The substance of M. Ferry's proposal is that a loan shall be raised under Anglo-French guarantee, that the sinking fund shall be maintained, and that the matter of the Alexandria indemnity and the expense of the Administration shall be reserved for future discussion.

A rumor that France and Germany have come to an agreement in regard to the Egyptian, Congo and Chinese questions, under which Germany promises to support France in her colonial schemes in consideration of the latter engaging to protect German commerce in all French colonies, has created a considerable sensation in England. In Australia, popular opinion continues to be greatly agitated in view of the recent German annexations in New Guinea and adjacent islands.

Civil war has broken out in the United States of Columbia, and the Government will probably declare martial law as the only means of averting serious calamity.

There is good reason to hope that General Wolseley will keep his appointment at Khartoum on the 24th instant, although not accompanied by the main body of his forces. The advance column, under General Stewart, is already flying across the desert to Shendy, where General Gordon's steamers are supposed to be waiting, and the campaign at other points goes on successfully.

THE report of the expert counters of the Treasury Department recently submitted shows, that from June 11th, 1882, when the last inventory was made, to January 1st, 1885, nearly \$425,000,000 revenue stamps were handled without the loss of a single stamp, and the accounts balanced without an error of a penny. During the period stated, in addition to the stamps having a money value, there were also issued by the bureau 11,143,300 stamps having no money value, and 308,000 brewers' permits.

PROHIBITION does not seem to have realized the expectations of its friends in Iowa. Reports as to the working of the law from the mayors of eighteen of the principal cities of the State show that in fifteen it is a failure, and three regard it as doubtful. In these cities, as a whole, drunkenness has greatly increased. Other testimony concurs in the statements here made, and it is quite obvious that the new law has not to any appreciable extent diminished the evils of intemperance, or strengthened the cause of sobriety and order in the minds of the people.

NOW LET THE NATION TREMBLE! The Republican mugwumps have met in convention, resolved that they are perfectly satisfied with themselves, made mutually admiring speeches, and determined that the beautiful life of the organization should be indefinitely prolonged. They recognize in their existence the great beneficent fact of the century, and remarked that they were steering Mr. Cleveland in the way in which he should go. There was once a Fly perched ostentatiously upon the Tail of a Camel. And he glanced about him with some conceit, and exclaimed, "Now all will go Right. See how I Steer the Caravan."

THE ANNUAL REPORT OF THE NEW YORK STATE BOARD OF RAILROAD COMMISSIONERS, recently issued, shows a slight increase in the operating expenses of the various railways during the last twelve months over the year preceding, and that the average profits fell from \$133,980,625, in 1883, to \$126,204,164, in 1884. The Commissioners, in view of the disastrous effects of over-competition, recommend the policy of restricting the construction of new railroads. Such a restrictive power would, however, be a delicate one to intrust to any official board, and its exercise might lead to greater evils than those which it was intended to prevent.

IT IS AT LAST DISCOVERED that the United States Government has a moral sense. Many dimes and nickels have flowed into the Treasury Conscience Fund from small thieves stricken with remorse; but finally the guilty nation itself makes restitution. More than a quarter of a century ago this country exacted from China three-quarters of a million of dollars for alleged injuries to our citizens during the Taiping rebellion. After all the claims had been paid (no doubt far in excess of real damages suffered), there still remained a large part of the gold untouched. This, now amounting to \$583,400, is reluctantly about to be returned to the nation from which it was wrung in its day of trouble. Seven Presidents, one after the other, have urged the return of the money, but not till now has the recommendation been heeded. The House has almost unanimously passed the Bill, and it is hoped that restitution will be made without any more delay.

ANOTHER picturesque historical fact has joined the long procession that constantly moves to the misty domain of fairy stories. William Tell is a sun-myth; the Norwegian maelstrom survives merely as the invention of a scared sailor; Israel Putnam did not ride his horse down the precipitous rocks at Horse-neck, but "led the animal around by the road"; Powhatan's war-club, and Marion's roast-potatoes, and Washington's little hatchet have gone into the museum of bogus antiquities, with Cleopatra's asp and Samson's beehive; Patrick Henry's speech was written by a woman; Shakespeare was merely Bacon's amanuensis; Homer was a Mediterranean nation; the "Great American Desert" has vanished; the Pilgrims actually landed some ways from Plymouth Rock; and the very latest of these dreadful discoveries is that cotton-bales were not used for breastworks in Jackson's battle of New Orleans! The battle took place in a swamp, and the cotton-bale yarn is a fictitious decoration that was added by the historians.

THIRTY young women graduated, last week, from the Training School for Nurses attached to Bellevue Hospital in New York, making an aggregate of 225 nurses who have graduated since the opening of the school in 1873. Of this number, all but twenty-five are now engaged in private nursing or employed in hospital service in various States of the Union, in Canada and in Rome, Italy; many of them occupying positions as heads of training-schools, superintendents of hospitals or other responsible posts, where the experience and nursing education acquired at Bellevue enable them in their turn to train and educate others. One graduate has recently been chosen from many competitors, to assume the head of the nursing in the London (Eng.) Lying-in Hospital. The school has at present sixty-four pupils, and during the past year 322 applications for admission were received. There can be no doubt that this institution has been of immense public service in improving and elevating the character of nurses, and it would be a fortunate circumstance if every city had one or more schools of this description.

A GENERAL CONFERENCE of Japanese priests was recently held to consider the advisability of adopting Christianity, instead of Buddhism, which is now the prevailing religion in Japan. The result of the Conference is unknown, but it need not cause astonishment if the Japanese ecclesiastics decide upon discarding the ethical system and philosophy of Prince Siddhārtha Guatama, the founder of Buddhism, for the far superior morality and belief of Christianity. Japan has of late been adopting so many things from Christian countries, that possibly it may cap the climax by adopting their religion also. Those who form their estimate of Buddhism from Edwin Arnold's "The Light of Asia," may possibly think that a change of religion is not required in Japan, but he evidently wrote like a Hindoo Buddhist, and gave rather a fanciful account of what is after all but a more refined system of polytheistic belief. In the event of the priests and rulers in Japan deciding in favor of Christianity, it is quite possible that

within a generation that religion may be the prevailing one in the empire. Such a national conversion would not be without precedents in the past. Russia became nominally Christian centuries ago by royal edict, and the sovereign, after forsaking paganism, compelled his subjects to submit to being baptized in the Neva.

THE MURDEROUS ATTACK on Captain Phelan by concerted action of his former accomplices in conspiracy, his refusal to appear against the assassin, and his threat to kill his assailant as soon as he gets well, introduces a new sort of controversy into this country. It is the adoption of the rule of private vengeance that prevails among the Nihilists—the placing of law and courts beneath the heel of private passion. No stone should be left unturned to secure the conviction and punishment of Short, whether Phelan appears against him or not; for the dignity of American law is of vastly more consequence than the gratification of any dynamiter's preferences. Plots to blow up Houses of Parliament in other lands cannot be dealt with here, because, if there were no other reason, they cannot be proved to exist; but when conspirators fall upon each other with knives, it is high time that an example was made. Secret assassination, by systematic arrangement and under the name of "discipline," can scarcely be tolerated here if any respect for law is to be maintained.

THE ST. JOHN SCANDAL is a puzzle difficult to unravel. That James F. Legate offered, for \$25,000, to pull St. John off the track as the temperance Presidential candidate, is proved; that Legate was St. John's trusted friend is proved; that St. John's oratorical movements corresponded with Legate's promises and predictions is proved; but it is not actually demonstrated that St. John agreed to betray the temperance people for money, while it is not denied that the Republicans repudiated Legate's offer. Thousands of St. John's temperance backers were honest, however quixotic; and it is possible that this man Legate is one of the flying battalion of bummers that hang about the flanks and rear of every army, determined to keep out of danger and live on the spoils. The report that St. John could be bought off the track was current in Republican quarters for weeks before the election, and was stated as a fact to the editor of this journal; but it will probably never be known, for certain, whether Legate was an authorized go-between, or a mere volunteer charlatan and dead beat, who took a low view of human nature, and believed he could deliver anything that he could sell.

ONE MORE OF THE STRIKING FIGURES of the war-time is withdrawn in the sudden death of Schuyler Colfax. In that most difficult period he held the position of Speaker to the satisfaction of both parties, and he is the only man in our history who has been promoted from that position to be Vice-President of the United States. Mr. Colfax was far less distinguished for brilliancy or for high oratorical talent than for a solid ability, an unfailing geniality, and integrity of motive. His is the most conspicuous example in our history of a really upright man sacrificed to a frenzy of public reproof that refused to discriminate between the innocent and the guilty. At the time of the Credit Mobilier investigation there was a complication of circumstances that made a *prima facie* case against him, and which, at the moment, he was powerless to unravel except by his unsupported word; but afterwards the House Sergeant-at-Arms testified that, according to his best knowledge and belief, he paid the money on the "S. C. or bearer" check, to Oakes Ames himself; the memorandum-book of Ames was found to have been a bogus one; and that gentleman himself, on his death-bed, declared and regretted that he had "injured Schuyler Colfax." Colfax was a man of keen moral sensitiveness, and he suffered inordinately from the charges made against him. He was happy in his retirement from politics, and probably had not, at any previous period of his life, so many sincere friends and admirers as at the time of his death. The *Philadelphia Record*, a Democratic journal, speaks the simple truth when it says:

"Of all the men implicated in the Credit Mobilier scandal Schuyler Colfax was probably the most innocent, and yet he has suffered the most. Whilst offices and honors were lavished upon others who took the dividends of Oakes Ames and voted for his Bills, Colfax was loaded with opprobrium and banished from public life. Such is the partiality with which public opinion sometimes pronounces its decrees. But in that final tribunal before which the dead may plead judgments are more righteously distributed."

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

DOMESTIC.

THERE WERE 382 BUSINESS FAILURES IN THE UNITED STATES, AND 38 IN CANADA, LAST WEEK, A DECREASE OF 37 AS COMPARED WITH THE WEEK PREVIOUS.

THE OHIO LEGISLATURE PROPOSES TO INVESTIGATE THE HOCKING VALLEY MINING TROUBLE. THE MINERS ARE SAID TO BE ARMING FOR SELF-DEFENSE.

THE OKLAHOMA "BOOMERS" HAVE ESTABLISHED A CAMP AT STILLWATER, INDIAN TERRITORY, AND PROPOSE TO RESIST THE FEDERAL TROOPS SENT TO EXPEL THEM FROM THE TERRITORY.

SENATOR J. DONALD CAMERON HAS BEEN ELECTED AS HIS OWN SUCCESSOR IN THE UNITED STATES SENATE. IN THE REPUBLICAN CAUCUS HE RECEIVED 115 VOTES TO 50 FOR OTHER CANDIDATES.

AT A MEETING OF MANUFACTURERS OF THE EASTERN AND MIDDLE STATES, HELD LAST WEEK, A PROTECTIVE TARIFF ASSOCIATION WAS FORMED "TO PROMOTE THE PROTECTION OF AMERICAN INDUSTRY."

THE PRESIDENT HAS NOMINATED HON. JOHN DAVIS, NOW ASSISTANT SECRETARY OF STATE, AS A JUSTICE OF THE COURT OF CLAIMS. JUDGE WILLIAM A. RICHARDSON HAS BEEN NOMINATED AS CHIEF JUSTICE OF THE SAME COURT.

A SNOW-STORM REACHING FROM NORTHERN IOWA TO NORTHERN TEXAS, AND FROM CINCINNATI, OHIO, TO KANSAS CITY, MO., LAST WEEK, BLOCKED TRAINS ON MANY ROADS AND SERIOUSLY DELAYED THEAILS.

THE IRON FIRM OF OLIVER BROTHERS, OF PITTSBURG, PA., SUSPENDED LAST WEEK. ITS LIABILITIES ARE VERY HEAVY, BUT IT HOPE TO BE ABLE TO PAY ALL IT OWES. THE FIRM EMPLOYED 4,000 WORKMEN. THE FAILURE OF THE BANKING-HOUSE OF JOHN J. CISCO & SON, OF NEW YORK, WITH LIABILITIES OF \$3,000,000, OCCASIONED A CONSIDERABLE SENSATION IN FINANCIAL CIRCLES LAST WEEK.

FOREIGN.

FORTY-EIGHT LIVES WERE LOST BY AN EXPLOSION OF FIRE-DAMP IN THE GREAT COAL MINE AT LIVIA IN PAS-LE-CALAIS, FRANCE, ON THE 15TH INSTANT.

THERE IS GREAT DISTRESS AMONG THE UNEMPLOYED WORKMEN OF BIRMINGHAM, ENGLAND, AND LAST WEEK A PROCESSION OF 5,000 PERSONS PARADED THE STREETS WITH CRIES FOR BREAD.

THE ENGLISH COURT OF APPEALS HAS RE-AFFIRMED THE SENTENCE OF IMPRISONMENT AGAINST THE DISTINGUISHED EDITOR OF THE *LONDON WORLD*, MR. EDMUND YATES, FOR LIBELLING LORD LONSDALE, AND HE IS NOW IN JAIL.

THE PERUVIAN GOVERNMENT HAS DETERMINED TO ADOPT A STRONGLY PROTECTIVE TARIFF, AND HAS ALREADY RAISED THE IMPORT DUTY ON BEER, CIGARS, RICE, SOAP, BOOTS AND SHOES, AND OTHER ARTICLES WHICH ARE OR CAN BE MANUFACTURED IN THE COUNTRY.

The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated Foreign Press.—SEE PAGE 375.



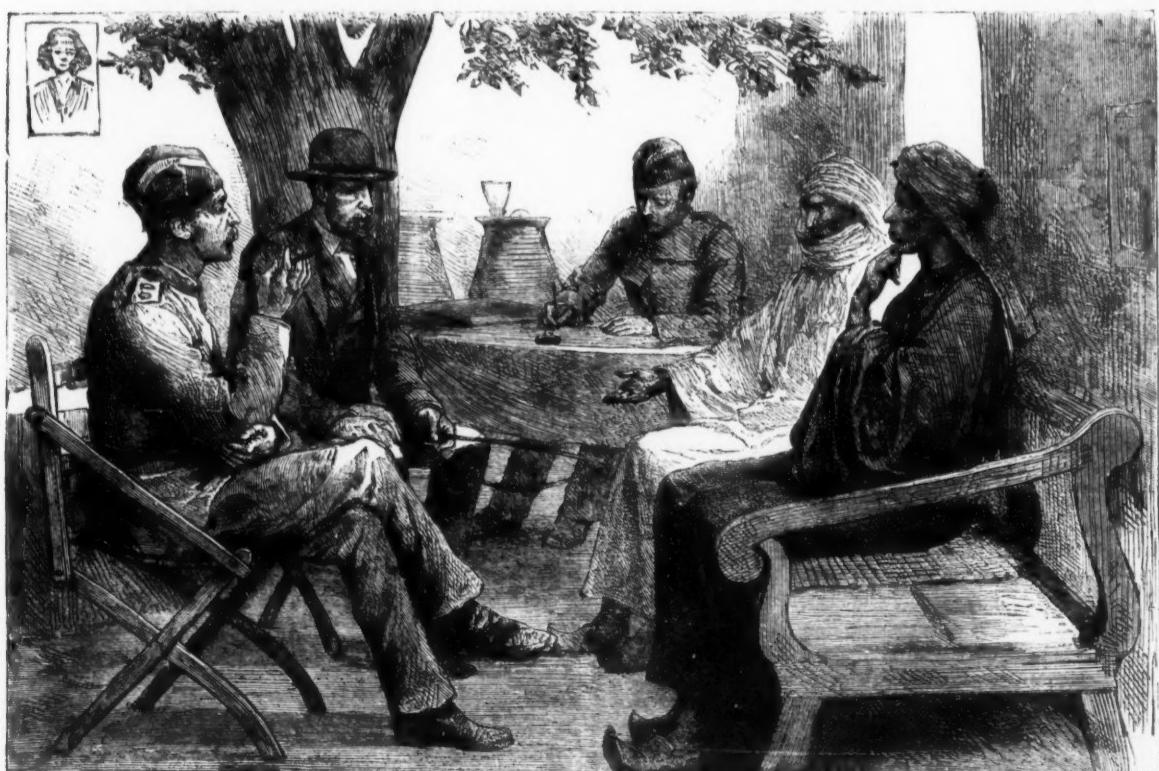
THE GERMANS IN AFRICA.—FACTORY ON THE CAMAROON RIVER.



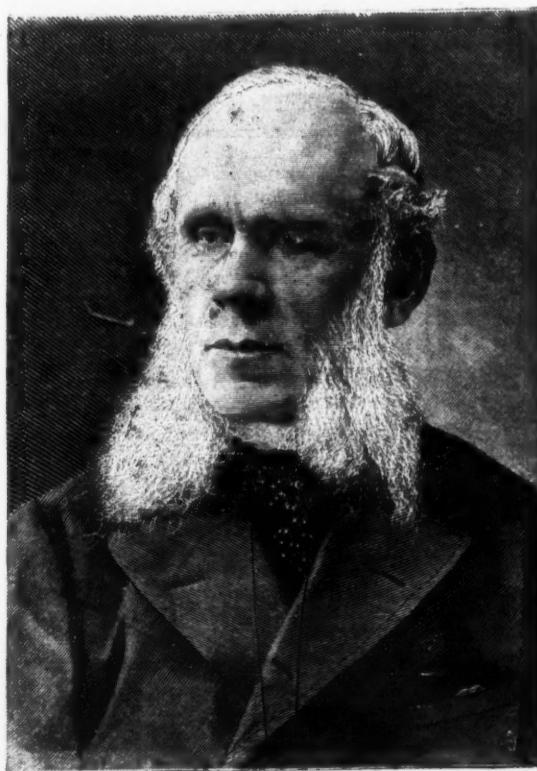
THE GERMANS IN AFRICA.—BARGAINING.



AUSTRIA.—THE CITY HALL PLAZA IN VIENNA.



THE NILE EXPEDITION.—EXAMINING A MESSENGER FROM GORDON.



RUSSIA.—E. C. STAAL, AMBASSADOR TO GREAT BRITAIN.

THE SILENT WITNESS.

CHAPTER I.—SUSPECTED.

"YOU do not know me?"—"I am afraid, sir, I cannot claim that honor." Between the two voices and the two faces of the two men who confronted each other in the asking and the answering of that question above, there was all the wide difference that ranges climatically between the torrid and the frigid zones.

The question seemed rather a cry of pained remembrance than a simple inquiry. The answer was rather a polite intimation of total indifference than a simple rejoinder.

Either by reason of rapid motion having rendered his respiration laborious, or by reason of some mighty internal agitation, the voice of the questioner quivered with an agony of impatient disappointment, as if his soul, surcharged with an overwhelming need of sympathy or help, cried out in protest against the bland indifference and heart-chilling courtesy of the man who answered.

The man who answered was a Mr. Hugh Gorham, one of the city's first criminal lawyers. A man who, by sheer force of a well-balanced brain, indomitable resolution and cold-blooded indifference to the emotional aspect of life, had reached an altitude from which he could well afford to mete out bland but frigid courtesy to the suppliant masses.

His law-office had just been invaded by a young man, who, entering very much after the gusty fashion of a rude west wind, now stood before him, flushing and paling by turns, clasping his long white hands together with the nervous tension of a frightened woman, only to straightway unfold them again to clasp them about the railing of the desk behind which Mr. Gorham sat placidly mending a pencil-point.

So much depended upon his being remembered rather than recognized—not by name only, nor face, nor voice, but with that fond heart-recollection which should bring back forcibly the "auld lang syne" common to them both—that, folding his arms with moody resolution, Mr. Gorham's visitor fastened upon him a pair of dark eyes filled with gloom, and stood in pathetic patience, as if resolved to give the lawyer's treacherous memory ample time to assert itself and recall his effaced image.

And the man with the treacherous memory, fixing his cold gray eyes in a penetrating fashion on the youthful face before him, deliberately inventoried the features, pronouncing the face (mentally) decidedly handsome, despite the present haggard misery in it, but repeated, with the most icy imperturbability :

"I am afraid, sir, I cannot claim the honor. I really cannot place you."

"Look again, Gorham! Look well! For God's sake, try to know me! What will it avail to give

you my name if my image is so completely wiped out? Can it be that this infernally black morning has blotted all the humanity out of my features?" And he who pleaded for recognition as for some great boon, impatiently thrust back the clinging masses of waving brown hair that hung tenaciously to his clammy brow, never once permitting the lids to droop over the burning black eyes that held the calm gaze of the great advocate in spite of himself.

Mr. Gorham did "look again," did "look well," but all to no purpose. There was not a gleam of recognition in his eyes, or in his voice, when he said, in a voice quickened into asperity :

"Give me your name at once, young man, and let me have a lucid statement of your business with me. Speak quickly and to the point, if you please, for my time is too valuable to be wasted upon private theatricals; and, permit me to add, that facial gymnastics are altogether misplaced in a lawyer's office."

He could afford to dictate terms, could Mr. Hugh Gorham, for he was a power in a large city where crimes were manifold and criminals plentiful. A man of brains, of repute and of wealth, a rack of defense to the law-abiding and a sword of terror to the law-breaker.

"What do you want?" he asked, with cold deliberation, the added chill to his voice alone betraying his impatience.

"I want help."

"Of what description?"

"To escape the gallows!"

The phenomenon of a man seeking escape from the gallows was altogether too familiar to the great criminal lawyer to produce more than a slight accession of professional curiosity in his case-hardened breast.

Deliberately placing on the rack the lead-pencil he had been sharpening, after a final examination of the fine point of it, he carefully wiped off the minute particles of lead adhering to his fingers, leaned back in his revolving office-chair, and raised his cold eyes to the troubled face before him, asking :

"What have you done?"

White, trembling, voiceless, his visitor leaned still more heavily upon the desk, his lips twitching in a vain effort to formulate the words which would not come.

"In God's name, speak out, man! Who are you?" exclaimed the lawyer, his sluggish curiosity at last quickened into pitying interest by the writhing agony distorting the almost boyish features before him.

"I am Gregory Kendall!" were the only words that came.

"What, you Gregory Kendall? It cannot be!"

"But it can be! It is!" And you would not know me, Hugh!"

"Would not?—say could not, my boy," and the great criminal lawyer stood up to lay his hand in friendliness on the one which still convulsively clasped the railing on the back of his desk.



LOUISIANA.—THE LATE MYRA CLARK GAINES.
PHOTO BY WASHBURN.—SEE PAGE 374.



THE SILENT WITNESS.—"YOU DO NOT KNOW ME?" "I AM AFRAID, SIR, I CANNOT CLAIM THAT HONOR."

"Gregory Kendall, my sunny-faced little fag at school! Greg, whom I badgered and protected by turns! I've not seen the boy for fifteen long years, but I've thought of him kindly, ay, even affectionately, through all the companionless days of my hardened manhood. Why, Gregory was just the brightest, merriest, cheeriest-voiced lad that ever made fun for his mates or trouble for his masters. Gregory was a sunbeam, while you—"

Mr. Gorham paused just in time not to complete the sacrifice of his politeness to his incredulity.

"I was all that in the gay old days of Princeton, Hugh!" said the younger man, a wintry smile more pathetic than tears flitting across his features like a shadowy reflection from the brightness of the long ago thus pictured by his friend. "But I am—what—I am."

"You are Gregory Kendall! I know you now, and here is my hand, my boy, on it that it is not only the memory of eye and voice. And now, here, you've stood there trembling like a convicted murderer long enough. I know of old what an exaggerated conscience you have. Come, tell me your trouble. You know I will help you out of it if mortal aid can avail. I shall feel quite in character," he added, lightly, "to be helping my old fag out of a scrape."

A smile that but few ever saw flashed across Mr. Gorham's severe features, illuminating its cold beauty as does a sudden outburst of sunshine illuminate the bosom of a frozen lake, and he essayed to draw the shaken man to a seat within his inner office, with the tender solicitude of a brother.

But Gregory resisted the kindly intention, and pushing back the outstretched hands of his friend, he said, in a voice that trembled with excitement, while his eyes were strained towards the street:

"Look, Hugh! there is Wilson, the detective! He is coming here! coming to tell you that Dr. Spencer Whitehurst was found dead in his office this morning!—murdered in cold blood! And they will want to retain you for the prosecution!"

"Well," said the lawyer, in the soothing fashion one adopts in dealing with a disordered mind (which he began to suspect was the case with Gregory Kendall), "that is a brilliant notion of yours. Why should Wilson toil up my two flights of stairs to tell me privately what the morning papers have already told publicly? Moreover, the employment of counsel does not come within the province of Detective Wilson."

"Tell him," said Gregory, trembling violently, "that I, Gregory Kendall, your old fag, Hugh, have already retained you for the defense!"

"What! You, Gregory, a mur—"

"Hush! I said so! I hear him panting up the stairs! Where can I stop until this man leaves you?"

Conscious only of the old-time dependence of fag and champion, doubting somewhat the sanity of his visitor, above all, perhaps, willing to avoid a *dénouement* not planned and executed by his own legal astuteness, Mr. Gorham pointed to a door that connected his office with his living rooms, saying: "Go in there. Close the door and make yourself thoroughly at home until I come to you. You will be undisturbed. No one dares cross that threshold unbidden by me."

Waiting for no second bidding, Gregory Kendall sprang into the inner room, and from his place of hiding heard the detective creak his way heavily up the stairs and into the presence of the great criminal lawyer, greeting him with:

"Morning, counselor: Infernal steep climb to get to you! But you're snug enough after a fellow does reach you. Private I should say too, hey?"

"Quite private, Mr. Wilson; be seated, sir." Mr. Gorham answered in friendlier tones than were habitual to him in his dealings with this branch of the legal fraternity.

Mr. Wilson dropped heavily into a chair, wiped his round red face with a handkerchief of dubious whiteness, and inquired:

"Busy, hey, counselor? Plenty to do? Looks sorter like it!" he added, with an envious glance around the luxurious office, and an inward speculation as to his own chances of ever mounting to such glittering heights from the lowly round of the legal ladder upon which his ambitious feet were sturdily planted.

"About as busy as usual," the lawyer remarked, carelessly.

"Give us your ear for half an hour, hey, say?"

"I am at your disposal for that length of time, but no longer," said Mr. Gorham, whose moments were valued by dollars not cents. He glanced at the handsome bronze clock on the mantel to gauge the allotted half hour.

"Well, then, counselor, I've come here to state a case and get an opinion. You see, it's this way—"

"Speak to the point, Mr. Wilson. You detectives have a fashion of spinning your yarn of circumstantial nothings to a very tedious length, and I forewarn you, I shall give you the promised thirty minutes and not one over."

"This time, as it happens, I've got no yarn to spin; in fact, I've been wool-gathering to little or no purpose all morning," and the detective consumed fully one minute of the precious thirty vouchsafed him in chuckling over his own wit.

"To proceed," said the counselor, impatiently.

"Well, sir, here's my case in a nutshell: Dr. Spencer Whitehurst, the eminent chemist on Cherry Street, was found dead in his office-chair yesterday morning, between ten and twelve o'clock; his head resting on his desk, the pen with which he had been writing clinched tight in his hand, and a bullet-hole through his heart. His old mother, all the kin he's got in the world (and mighty nigh a lunatic made by this day's work) sent for me immediately and offered me a thousand dollars down if I'd find out who done

the deed. And you see, counselor, that thousand dollars down is not to be sneezed at."

"I do not doubt it will prove a powerful incentive to the performance of your duty, Mr. Wilson," the jurist said, coldly.

"Here's the devil of it, though, counselor! How to go about it. It is altogether the blankest wall ever I did run against."

"Was the deceased alone in his office all the morning," the lawyer asked.

"Next door to it, excepting one female patient as called early."

"May I inquire, Mr. Wilson, what you mean by 'next door to alone'?"

"I mean this: Dr. Whitehurst, so the old lady tells me, although giving his especial attention of late to his drug store and laboratory, has never given over practicing, but has always kept office hours from nine until one o'clock of mornings. He has been experimenting of late on a deaf and dumb girl, the daughter of a cousin of hers, a rich Southern planter, whom he, the doctor, had believed he could cure of her deafness anyways.

He has been experimenting of late on a deaf and dumb girl, the daughter of a cousin of hers, a rich Southern planter, whom he, the doctor, had believed he could cure of her deafness anyways. For an hour or so every day he sorter practiced on her. Now, whether she was in the room and saw the deed done, or went in there and found the doctor a murdered man (his office I should 'told you is on the ground floor of his mother's house) it's hard to decide. I'm inclined to think it was the first, for she looks kind of wild and scared, and goes through the motions of a man firing, and a man dropping his head on his arms, just for all the world like she was acting in charades. Then she'll shiver and tremble and point towards the door of the office that gives immediate on the street. But a voiceless witness is poor material to work up a case on, counselor, so that's what I mean by his being next door to alone."

"Is the deaf and dumb alphabet unavailable?"

Mr. Gorham asked, with indiscreet interest.

"Entirely, and I'll tell you for why. The tale Mrs. Whitehurst tells me is: 'That as long as this young lady's mother was alive, being sort of ashamed you see of the girl's affliction, or mother-like wanting to shield her child from the heartless curiosity of the world, she kept her at home and devoted her own life to making the poor thing happy, but when the mother died, the father he brought her on to Dr. Whitehurst (kin, as I told you before) and not wishing to put her into a common asylum, he left her with them to be educated in that dumb show of language.' She ain't been here more than a month, and what little she may have learned has been clear scared out of her by this morning's work."

"Does suspicion rest upon no one?"

"The mother has her suspicions, but she can give me no atom of even circumstantial evidence to go to work upon."

"Whom does she suspect?"

"A young man between which and the doctor there's always existed the friendliest relations. A young man of unblemished character and spotless reputation and great popularity. A handsome young fellow, with a beautiful wife and one cherub infant."

"I should prefer names to panegyrics, Mr. Wilson, if you please," said the lawyer, in his most dampening manner.

"Well, then, she suspects one Gregory Kendall!"

"Gregory Kendall!" Mr. Gorham repeated the name in a calmly meditative fashion, as if merely to impress it upon his memory. "And why, may I ask, if this Gregory Kendall is all that you have just pronounced him, should suspicion of so foul a deed be laid at his door?"

"Her son," so the old lady says, "was an old lover of Kendall's wife, and he had never gotten over his fancy for her."

"That counts for nothing. It might indeed if Whitehurst had killed Kendall."

"Nothing to you and me, counselor, but it's mountains of evidence to the poor old mother."

"Well, my friend,"—Mr. Gorham yawned and looked wistfully into his clock's deliberate face—"what course have you mapped out to secure your thousand dollars? I really cannot see why you have bored me with your case."

"I wanted an opinion from you."

"I have none to give you, absolutely none."

"I did think of bringing the dumb girl face to face with this Kendall, and if his presence seemed to affect her in any violent fashion, I might consider myself at least on the scent of my game. Moughton, I now?" coaxedingly.

"A good idea. I wish you all manner of success in it. Our half hour has expired, Mr. Wilson. This is clearly a case for your branch of the legal profession, not mine. First scent your game, then run it to earth, and, probably, I may be in at the death."

"Exactly," says the detective, emphatically.

Then, as Mr. Gorham rose from his chair, by way of indicating that the interview was terminated, Mr. Wilson, perforce, did the same, and was about to bow himself out of the presence of the great advocate, when that gentleman asked him, in a careless fashion, an apparently irrelevant question:

"By-the-way, Mr. Wilson, in examining the office of the deceased, did you chance to notice what he had been writing in the last moments of his existence?"

"I did, sir. It was a letter."

"A letter!—and to whom? Was that noted?"

"Strange to say, the first part of the letter was torn away, as if some one had tried to wrench it out of his possession; the latter part lay under his outstretched hand, the hand upon which his head rested."

"The signature, then, remained?"

"Yes."

"May I ask how it ran?"

"'Yours unto the bitter end. S. W.'"

"Thank you. That will do. We are as much in the dark as ever."

This time Mr. Wilson was allowed to bow himself out without further interruption.

Then Mr. Gorham crossed the threshold of the room into which he had banished Gregory Kendall, and glanced wonderingly around. The room was vacant.

There was still an inner room, a mere alcove, where the lawyer's bedstead stood alone. Towards this he walked, and there, sleeping the soundless, dreamless sleep of a tired child, lay the man suspected of murder.

The angel of rest had tenderly smoothed away the deep furrows from his broad white forehead; the long black lashes that fringed his eyes, so lately wild with terror and misery, rested quietly upon his pallid cheeks. Surely such rest could never have come to Cain. Conscience could not slumber so peacefully. Blood-stained hands could not fold themselves so restfully.

The great criminal lawyer gazed down upon his old-time friend, and for the first time in his legal career confessed himself at a loss.

"Though they counted their witnesses by the tens of thousands, though they piled an Ossa of evidence upon a Pelion of oaths, nothing short of that man's own full confession shall ever make me believe him a murderer!" he muttered, in an energetic undertone; then seated himself by the bed to watch the sleeper or to await his first action on returning to consciousness.

But Gregory Kendall was sleeping the sleep of utter physical and mental prostration, and, before he awoke, the busy stir in the streets outside had subsided into a lazy, after-dinner murmur, and the lamp-lighters were running from post to post with the nimbleness of squirrels.

A long-drawn sigh, a quiet uprising of the white lids, and Gregory sat bolt upright, with his large black eyes fixed sadly on his old-time friend. He did not wait for the lawyer to say anything.

"I rushed in upon you like a madman since twelve o'clock this morning. But I am calmer now. Calm enough, if needs be, to meet my fate like a man at the hands of the law. I listened to you and Wilson long enough to be satisfied that suspicion rests on me and *on no one else*. Am I right?"

"Perfectly."

"That is well. It is believed that I murdered Spencer Whitehurst. Wilson believes it—the poor old mother believes it? Do you, Gorham?"

"I do not."

"But you must, you must!—by heaven you shall believe it! Who else could have done it? Say, Gorham, who else could have done it?" and the wild frenzy came back to his eyes as he laid his feverishly hot hands on the lawyer's shoulders, and compelled him to gaze squarely into his face.

"I do not know what to believe yet, Gregory; but remember that no man is called on to criminate himself. I want you to sleep. Sleep all night and come back to me to-morrow, when you can tell me whatever you want me to know."

"What need! You know all now! You know that Gregory Kendall is suspected of Spencer Whitehurst's murder. Are you lawyer enough to save your old-time fag from a broken neck, Hugh?"

Ghastly as was the joke, ghastlier still was the face of him who made it.

"Gregory," said Mr. Gorham, sternly, "I positively refuse to allow you to tell me anything tonight. You must take time."

"Yes," said the suspected man, slowly. "Give me time; that will be best. Sleep! Oh, I want to sleep, for ever and for ever! Where?—Here! May I stay here, Gorham?"

"Here! Why, Greg, what would your wife think?"

"My wife! Who?—Kate? I suspect she has plenty to think about. Go home to her!" His head dropped heavily on his shaking hands, and a sombre silence brooded in the dusky room. Presently he sighed, and, rising, he took up his hat wearily, and, holding out his hand to Mr. Gorham, said, gravely: "You are right. I will go home. Go to Catherine. She will need me. Good-by, and God bless you!"

Then Gregory Kendall went out into the lamp-lighted streets, and, walking hurriedly along, was soon at his own door. Fitting his latch-key into it, he let himself in quietly.

His hand trembled as he laid it upon the handle of his wife's sleeping-room, and, bowing his head upon his breast as he stood there, he sent a silent petition upwards to the seat of mercy.

"Forgive her, Lord; she knew not what she did. I swore to honor and protect her until death did us part. Honor her I cannot! Protect her?—Yes. Even if needs be with the last drop of blood in these miserable veins. A life for a life! What then? Surely, now, death could have no sting, save for Roser—lily-pure, snow-white, baby Roser. God help us all!"

(To be continued.)

THE ASSAULT UPON CAPTAIN THOMAS PHELAN.

THE sanguinary affray which took place in O'Donovan Rossa's editorial office, No. 12 Chambers Street, on the afternoon of Friday, the 9th instant, has attracted wide attention, and compelled people to look upon that notorious place as something more than a mere resort of clownish blusterers. Captain Thomas Phelan, of Kansas City, Mo., is the superintendent of the workhouse in that place, and a prominent Irish Nationalist. He appears to have made himself obnoxious to a portion of the dynamite faction by certain disclosures, real or alleged, which he made in an interview reported in the *Kansas City Journal*, in December last. This interview gave what purported to be the true history of an attempt to blow up the steamship *Queen*, and mentioned in connection with it the names of O'Donovan Rossa, John F. Kearney, and other Irish agitators living in New York.

Captain Phelan came to this city on the 9th instant, and in company with Mr. Kearney, visited Rossa's office. Of exactly what took place there, no satisfactory account has been given. Certain it is that there was a quarrel, and that one Richard Short, formerly a Cork butcher, made a murderous attack upon Phelan with a bowie-knife. Before the latter could offer any resistance, he was stabbed again and again, in the neck, back and arms. Short then fled to the street, followed by his bleeding victim, who, before sinking to the sidewalk, found strength enough to draw his revolver and fire one shot, inflicting a slight wound upon the assailant. Phelan was conveyed to the Chambers Street Hospital, and Short was arrested and locked up. Mr. Rossa was absent from his office at the time of the fight, which nobody seems to have lifted a hand to prevent.

Phelan's wounds are serious, but in all probability he will recover. His wife, upon hearing what had befallen him, came at once from Kansas City to care for him. He insists that he is the victim of an attempted "execution," and that he was lured into Rossa's shop to be murdered.

Rossa, while claiming that the quarrel was merely a personal one and devoid of further significance, does not hesitate to denounce Phelan as "a traitor," and "a second McDermott." This certainly wears a sinister look; and, moreover, the detailed account of the dynamite plot is not to be lightly explained away. Whatever the affair may amount to, the sayings and doings of Rossa and his associates are likely to be taken more seriously hereafter.

THE LATE MRS. MYRA CLARK GAINES.

ON Saturday afternoon, the 10th inst., the body of Mrs. Myra Clark Gaines was borne to the old Creole Cemetery of New Orleans, and deposited in the tomb of her father, Daniel Clark, who died in 1813. Her death ends a romance a century long, and a celebrated case of litigation of fifty years' standing which had for its heroine a woman of fragile form, but brave heart and indomitable will.

At the beginning of the present century, Julie Carrière, a handsome young girl, who was married to a French emigre named De Grange, and who lived in New Orleans, separated from her husband on account of the latter's cruelty and bigamy, and secretly married Daniel Clark, a young Irishman, one of the wealthiest and most brilliant men in the colony. Of this marriage Myra was born December 27th, 1806. Clark persuaded the mother to let the child be taken away and reared elsewhere, and, though he supported Julie, did not acknowledge her as his wife. She returned to France, where she died.

In due time Clark also died—died suddenly. He had provided for the support of his daughter, whom he had placed with a friend, Colonel Samuel B. Davis, and had made a will leaving her the bulk of his fortune. This will Clark's body-servant had been instructed to convey to the girl's guardian whenever his master's death should occur, but when that event took place the document could not be found, and the dead man's partners, Reef and Chew, who produced a will making them Clark's executors, and leaving nothing to Myra, rested under suspicion as its destroyers, a suspicion which was strengthened when they settled up the estate and found that, after paying themselves large sums claimed as debts owed them by Clark, there was little or nothing left.

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Y. Christmas as executors. These persons were astonished to hear that succession proceedings had already been begun, and asserted that Mrs. Gaines could not write on January 8th, as she was too ill on that date. The will they offered is dated January 5th, 1885, is in nuncupative form, and was signed with her mark in the presence of five well-known citizens, who signed as witnesses. After a few bequests to others, Mrs. Gaines wills that her estate be divided equally among her six grandchildren.

THE NEW ORLEANS EXPOSITION.

ABOUT the only complete department of the New Orleans Exposition, up to this writing, is that of the United States Government in the Government and State Building. The exhibit of the Navy Department is especially attractive, the articles used in the Greely Relief Expedition forming a special feature of interest. The exhibit includes various war appliances, models, stores, ordnance, a steam launch, a galley representing the kitchens of men-of-war, electric clocks, etc. Among the guns exhibited is a Gatling; two three-inch rifled cannon; an old Spanish carrouade of brass; a Spanish cannon used by the Mexicans against the Americans in California and captured by the Americans and turned against its former owners, and an old Revolutionary cannon possess historic interest. Near by, there is a breech-loader of ingenious construction, cast in 1490, and showing that the origin of breech-loading cannon is not so recent as is commonly supposed. A number of specimens of the search lights in use on vessels are also shown. This consists of an electric arc light, placed within a large concave reflector, and so arranged as to throw a huge ray of light in any direction. Some bits of apparatus illustrative of the torpedo system of warfare are also exhibited.

Another exhibit which attracts great attention is the large globe of the State Department, the interior of which is opened for the inspection of visitors. The circular room within, reached by a short flight of steps, is tastefully decorated with the handiwork of all nations. In the centre hangs a chandelier from Japan, showing all the artistic qualities as well as barbaric decoration of Japanese workmanship. The globe is roofed with glass, the canopy bearing statistical tables relative to the commerce of the world and the share of the United States therein. The interior of the globe is divided into six compartments, symbolic of the six great geographical divisions: Europe, Asia, Africa, North America, South America and Oceania. In each compartment are exhibited articles illustrative of the customs, habits of life or principal industries of the natives of the countries comprehended within that geographical division. The entrance to the Asiatic section is obscured by a Japanese portière, the design of which may be commended as worthy of examination and imitation by those interested in fancy work. It is formed of a number of long, slender strings of pieces of quill or bamboo and brightly-colored beads. These strings simply depend from a bar at the top, and by their own weight hang close together, the beads being so arranged as to form a flower design, and the whole entirely obstructing vision beyond the portière. On touching or pushing against it, it parts on every side, falling back into place when the entering body has passed. The whole effect is very pretty and unique. Asiatic gods, Chinese carvings and embroideries, and Persian shawls and other fabrics, give to this section a most Oriental aspect.

We give, also, illustrations of the Japanese and British Honduras exhibits.

GENERAL GRANT AT HOME.

OUR artist has brought away in his sketchbook an interesting reminiscence of a visit to General Grant, at his home in East Sixty-sixth Street. The retired commander now yields the pen in place of the sword. Once he made history; to-day, he writes it. The picture shows the cozy study where this invaluable literary work is performed. Here the General was wont to retire for a quiet smoke, before the doctors forbade his cherished cigar. Here his grandchildren come for a romp, and here his son Fred—who, by-the-way, is the personal image of what the General himself was before the war—looks over the daily papers with him. A row of well-bound manuscript volumes on a shelf is filled with war records and reminiscences, and on the wall a curiously embroidered device, conveying the freedom of a Japanese city, recalls the famous trip around the world. General Grant has seen other troublous times than those of war; but in his peaceful and honored retirement we trust that he may soon forget, as his hosts of friends and admirers certainly will, the darker days of a life which has had in it so much that is glorious.

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE FOREIGN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

THE CITY HALL PLAZA IN VIENNA.

Vienna is a city of superb architecture, both the old and the new town, and the worthy Burgomaster, aided and abetted by the civic fathers, is leaving no stone unturned in order to render Austria's capital the most beautiful city in the world. The Ringstrasse, which runs round the new quarters, girdles a series of the most magnificent buildings, including the famous Opera House, and in the old quarter, known as Graben, the architecture is as quaint as it is wondrous. The latest achievement in the way of improving the city is the Rathausplatz, or City Hall Park. This garden, for garden it is, is laid out with the most admirable effect, shade trees, statuary, fountains, grass plots, flower beds, all in the highest taste and perfection, for the Viennese are critical if anything, and love Vienna as Parisians do on Paris. This park is bounded on all sides by superb and striking edifices, while the grim and hoary towers of the Cathedral of St. Stephen loom over it like so many watchmen. The scene in this Plaza is at all hours striking, and much of Vienna life passes through this main artery. Spider-waisted officers, in gorgeous uniforms, carry on flirtations with ladies whose carriages are drawn up in line, and to the plash of the fountains vows such as true lovers only breathe are daily registered. Here respectable citizens meet and talk stocks. Here long-haired musicians smoke their pipes en route to the Volksgarten and the strains of Strauss's immortal band. Here handsome nursemaids—tall, Juno-like as to form, and arrayed in picturesque costumes—"carry on," as do their betters, while daintily arrayed children frisk to their hearts' content in and around the fountains and flower beds and statues. Here a regimental band plays every morning, weather permitting, for the defecta-

tion of the worthy citizens, and with bells merrily and musically jangling, pass the neatest and most inviting horse-cars that have ever yet run on wheels.

THE GERMANS IN AFRICA.

In the scramble for African territory, consequent upon the discoveries of Stanley and Cameron, Germany has been foremost in encouraging colonization schemes. Angra Pequena was made an imperial colony, and subsequently a German commissioner "annexed" Bagerda on the Slave Coast, and the rich Camaroon region in the midst of the Guinea district, where the "oil rivers" flow down to the sea. The Camaroon River and its towns, Bimbia to the north, and Malimbe and Batanga on the Banaka coast some distance south, were formally declared under the German protectorate, and treaties signed with the neighboring native chiefs. It may be roughly estimated that at present the Germans hold some 750 miles of the Western African coast, Portugal 800, and France 600 miles, while Great Britain possesses the lion's share, 1,300 miles, if we include the Niger Delta. Only 850 miles still remain in native hands. And now European interests in West Africa are being discussed by the Powers at the Conference at Berlin. Meanwhile, Germany tries hard to get the lead. Imperial vessels are being sent to the new acquisitions, and a colonial expedition is to follow, for Prince Bismarck has no idea of letting the grass grow under his feet. Moreover, the Germans have shown their usual clear-sightedness in selecting their possessions, particularly in choosing so favorable a spot as the Camaroons. Along the river they have established many factories, and they are now practically in control of the valuable trade of all that region.

EXAMINING A MESSENGER.

Our illustration shows the officers of the Intelligence Department of Lord Wolseley's army examining Bedouin messengers sent from Khartoum by Gordon. The messenger is stating that Gordon Pasha fired twenty-one guns in his joy at receiving the news of the approach of the British Army. The messenger had clear-cut features, and was clean shaven, with an expressive countenance and dark, bright eyes. More recently, one of Gordon's messengers was captured by the enemy, and all his papers secured except one letter which was sewed in the lining of his clothing.

THE RUSSIAN AMBASSADOR TO ENGLAND.

His Excellency E. E. Staal, Russian Ambassador to England, graduated from the Moscow University in 1843, and afterward served in the capacity of secretary under different Russian Ambassadors. In 1869 he was made a Chamberlain of the Court and sent to Würtemberg as Minister. Last year he was sent to England as Ambassador, and has proved himself in every way an able and vigilant representative of his Government.

THE DEAD-LETTER MUSEUM.

A WASHINGTON correspondent of the Philadelphia *Record* writes: "The museum of the Dead-letter Office is a small room, of which three walls are covered with cases containing odd things sent to the office as improperly mailed or entirely unmailable. Almost anything you can imagine of a queer sort is here, from Guiteau's autograph to a patent hitching-post. The oddest thing about the Dead-letter Office is the carelessness of letter-writers as there exhibited. It seems improbable that last year 1,300 letters, containing articles of value, were received at the Dead-letter Office containing nowhere within or without either the name of the sender or the person to whom sent. It is a fact, though, and only one of a dozen other strange facts. Nor does the carelessness here brought to light appear to be at all on the decrease. The gross receipts of undelivered mail matter last year were 4,751,872, or more than eight per cent. increase over the previous year. Of course, the office manages, by its improved methods, to get much of the matter either to the people who mailed it or to the people for whom it was intended. But there is a large amount that never gets any further than the City of Washington. Some of the things are sold at auction, every Winter. The sale of last year realized nearly \$2,000. Over \$7,000 in money was deposited in the United States Treasury as undelivered last year. Under an order first made by Postmaster-general Horace Maynard such useful printed matter as had formerly been sold for waste paper is now annually distributed among the charitable and reformatory institutions of the District of Columbia. Last year 23,152 magazines, pamphlets, illustrated papers, Christmas cards, valentines, etc., were disposed of in this way, so that even this ill wind blows somebody good. For many years the letters found in the mail addressed to Santa Claus or Kriss Kringle were sent to the Dead-letter Office. But seven years ago a big-hearted gentleman on Capitol Hill, in that city, arranged that instead they should all be sent to him. He has ever since answered each letter whose writer he could trace, and has done what he could to supply the place of the dear old Christmas saint. Often he has found that the parents of the children addressing Santa Claus through the mails were perfectly able and willing to meet all their requests; and then again he has found cases such as that of two old people in comfortable circumstances, but who, in their sorrow over the death of their idolized son and his wife, had for years neglected to make Christmas bright for the two little orphans left to their care. It was simply a case of unconscious neglect, and it did not take the Santa Claus of Capitol Hill long to bring joy into that household again."

A VALUABLE LACE.

HERE is a marvelous thing in the way of Point d'Alemon lace seeking a purchaser in New York. It is a complete dress of exceeding fineness and has a history. It once served as part of the bridal toilet of a young girl, at that time the only surviving daughter of a well-known widow. The bride who wore this married the only son and heir of one of the richest of Baltimore merchant princes. It was a love-marriage, and the lace a gift from the groom. Six months later the young wife closed her eyes in death. Her husband, frantic with grief, could not bear the sight of anything reminding him of the past, and all the personal belongings of the young wife were sent to her poor, broken-hearted mother. This was years ago, and now that mother, in her old age, by the strange and cruel chances of fate, is left in poverty. One by one her valuable possessions have been sold, until finally the bridal robe, with its pathetic history, concerning which its next owner will care but little, pleads for a purchaser.

THE ARTS AND SCIENCES.

THE substitution of glass flooring for boards continues to increase in Paris, this being especially the case in those business structures in which the cellars are used as offices.

A WRITER in *Science* reports discovering within a common pumpkin some of its seeds already germinated. The caudicles were from one to three inches in length, while some of the rootlets were over seven inches.

THE oldest geographical society in Europe is the Cosmographic Society of Nuremberg. It was established about 1740, and first came before the public in 1746. It was connected with the Homann Institution in the same city.

THE substitution of hemp rope for belting is becoming common in England. Large grooved pulleys and rope two to two and a quarter inches in diameter are used. There is said to be a vast difference in cost in favor of rope.

A WAY has been discovered by which marble may be saturated with a certain paint so that it is possible to place a flower or a head upon a block of marble and then obtain as many slabs bearing the imprint as one sees fit to have the block sawed into. The process is called "Endolithy."

A GERMAN experimenter, Professor E. Wollny, has found that soil covered with living herbage or dead vegetable matter is colder in Summer and warmer in Winter than bare soil under otherwise similar conditions. The difference of temperature is greatest in Summer and least in Spring and Autumn. Bare soil heats more quickly in Spring and cools more quickly in Autumn than that covered with living or dead vegetable matter.

THE carriage in which the first Napoleon made his famous retreat from Moscow, and in which he as Emperor set out from Paris in the campaign which closed at Waterloo, is now preserved in London among the effects of the Duke of Wellington. It is a two-seated conveyance, and the top, or cover, is lined with thin sheet iron. There is also a front curtain of iron, which can be lowered at will. The wheels are large and heavy and the steps at either side silver-finished and of a curious design. The rear seat was the one used by Napoleon. Under the cushion of the seat he carried blankets and pillows.

AN article in the *Ugeskrift für Medizin* describes Dr. Vilandi's successful use of oil of turpentine in the treatment and prophylaxis of diphtheria and kindred diseases. He states that he has never seen any of these diseases spread from a sick child to other members of the family when this remedy was employed. His method is to pour from twenty to forty drops of a mixture of equal parts of turpentine and carbolic acid into a kettle of water which is kept simmering over a slow fire, so that the air of the sick-room is constantly impregnated with the odor of these two substances. A favorable influence is also exerted by this means upon the exudation in diphtheria, although it is not at all curative of the disease.

THE Dominion Court of Appeals recently sustained the decision of a lower court in awarding damages against a doctor for mal-treatment. He was sued because in treating a patient, who had received a wound in the chest, he adhered to old methods of treatment, and did not use antiseptic dressings, which if used might have prevented the septicæmia of which the patient died. The Court of Appeals, in rendering judgment, held that every practitioner should keep himself informed of the progress of science, and have a proper knowledge of modern approved methods of treating diseases and injuries. This ruling of the Canadian Courts is a move in the right direction. The disastrous consequences of routine and an adherence to precedent in the science of medicine are difficult to estimate, and anything that tends to introduce more philosophical and scientific methods of treatment should be warmly welcomed by a suffering public, as well as by really competent physicians.

DEATH-ROLL OF THE WEEK.

JANUARY 10TH—In Boonville, N. Y., Horace Johnson, a pioneer of Lewis County, aged 88 years; in Newcastle, Del., Andrew C. Grify, President of the Chesapeake and Delaware Canal Co., aged 81 years; in Newburg, N. Y., Captain Charles S. Lockwood, aged 64 years; in Warren, Pa., S. T. Allen, a leading lawyer; at West Point, N. Y., Charles Rose, for thirty years Drum Major at the United States Military Academy. January 11th—In New York, Professor Louis M. Cheeseman, of Trinity College, Hartford, Conn., aged 27 years; in New York, Samuel S. Constant, a well-known paper manufacturer, aged 68 years; in Ottumwa, Iowa, Captain Stephen, K. Mahon, U.S.A., on the retired list; in Washington, D. C., Colonel E. E. Rice, formerly United States Minister to Japan, aged 64 years; in Geneva, N. Y., Captain Charles W. Folger, only son of Secretary Folger, aged 40 years. January 12th—In Boston, Mass., Professor Henry Lawrence Eustis, dean of the Harvard Scientific School, aged 66 years; in London, Eng., Patrick J. Smyth, late member of Parliament for Tipperary, aged 61 years; in San Antonio, Tex., General William Steel; in Rome, N. Y., John B. Jervis, the eminent civil engineer, and author of several books on industrial economy, aged 90 years; in Easton, Pa., McEvers Forman, a prominent business man, aged 79 years. January 13th—In Chicago, Ill., William W. O'Brien, a leading criminal lawyer, aged 50 years; in Newburgh, N. Y., Colonel Isaac Wood, Jr., aged 61 years; in Cheyenne, Wyoming Territory, Governor William Hale, aged 48 years; in New York, Captain Isaiah Rynders, a well-known sportsman and politician, aged 60 years; at Big Springs, Tex., Heneage Finch, Earl of Aylesford, aged 36 years. January 14th—In New Haven, Conn., Professor Benjamin Silliman, of Yale College, the well-known scientist, aged 69 years; in Boston, Mass., Major Charles C. Dunbar, import clerk at the Custom House, aged 58 years; in Wilkes-Barre, Pa., John R. Crennen, a wealthy lumberman, of Whitehaven, aged 60 years. January 15th—In Brooklyn, N. Y., Timothy T. Merwin, a well-known business man, aged 72 years; in Ithaca, N. Y., the Rev. Dr. Amos B. Beach, a well-known Episcopal divine; in Atlanta, Ga., Benjamin E. Crane, President of the Board of Trade of that city; in Paris, France, Jean Amand Lacoste, the well-known author of "Robert Macaire," and other dramas, aged 88 years. January 16th—In Washington, D. C., Rear-admiral Levin M. Powell, U.S.N., aged 68 years; in Lisbon, N. H., D. Rand, a well-known lawyer, aged 63 years; in New York, John C. Bach, an old merchant, aged 71 years. January 17th—In Philadelphia, Pa., General Robert M. Brinston, aged 42 years.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

THE Berlin Geographical Society is preparing to send out an expedition to explore the left bank of the River Congo. The expedition will start in July next.

DISPATCHES from Tien-Tsin, dated the 12th instant, state that the Corean difficulty has been settled. It was expected that a treaty of peace would be signed at Seoul.

MR. HOAR presented a petition to Congress last week from Belva A. Lockwood, praying Congress to see that the votes cast for her at the last presidential election be counted.

THE Anglo-French Engineer Commission has decided to give the Suez Canal a breadth of 220 feet and a depth of 27 feet. The cost of the improvement is estimated at \$40,000,000.

THE total amount realized by the American Artists' Fund sale last week, including the price of the frames, which were also sold, was \$13,526.75, a small return the quality of the pictures considered.

MUCH alarm is felt lest typhus fever should become epidemic in the tenement districts of New York, and members of the Board of Health are loud in their protestations against the filthy condition of many tenement buildings.

THE recent report of Kossuth's death reminds people that he gave felt hats their popularity in this country. Soft hats were almost unknown here until he wore one on his visit in 1851, and the "Kossuth hat" carried all before it.

THE Czar of Russia manages to get along on \$8,000,000 a year. One can see from this what economies are necessary in the household of Austria's Emperor, who has only \$4,000,000 a year. And only by absolute pinching at every point can Victoria subsist on her paltry \$2,200,000 a year.

AT South Bend, Ind., last week, some Polish grinders, dissatisfied with their pay, struck, and, with several hundred other laborers, attacked the plow factory where they were employed, destroying property and injuring many persons. They were dispersed by Veteran Guards of the Grand Army.

MR. EDISON has given the following information to an interviewer: "You have heard, I suppose, that the light company has just signed a contract with Colonel Casey, the Chief Engineer of the Washington Monument, to light the interior with 125 lamps. That puts the electric light 550 feet in the air, considerably higher than we ever expected to get when we hung the first lamp on a telegraph pole in Menlo Park a few years back."

THE nineteenth annual report of the American Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals contains much interesting information in regard to the work of the organization. The aggregate result of the Society's labors for the year 1884 is represented by the following figures: Cases prosecuted in the courts, 651; disabled animals temporarily suspended from work, 1,771; horses disabled past recovery humanely destroyed, 1,653; small animals disabled past recovery humanely destroyed, 537; disabled horses removed from the streets in ambulances, 401; complaints received and investigated, 2,010.

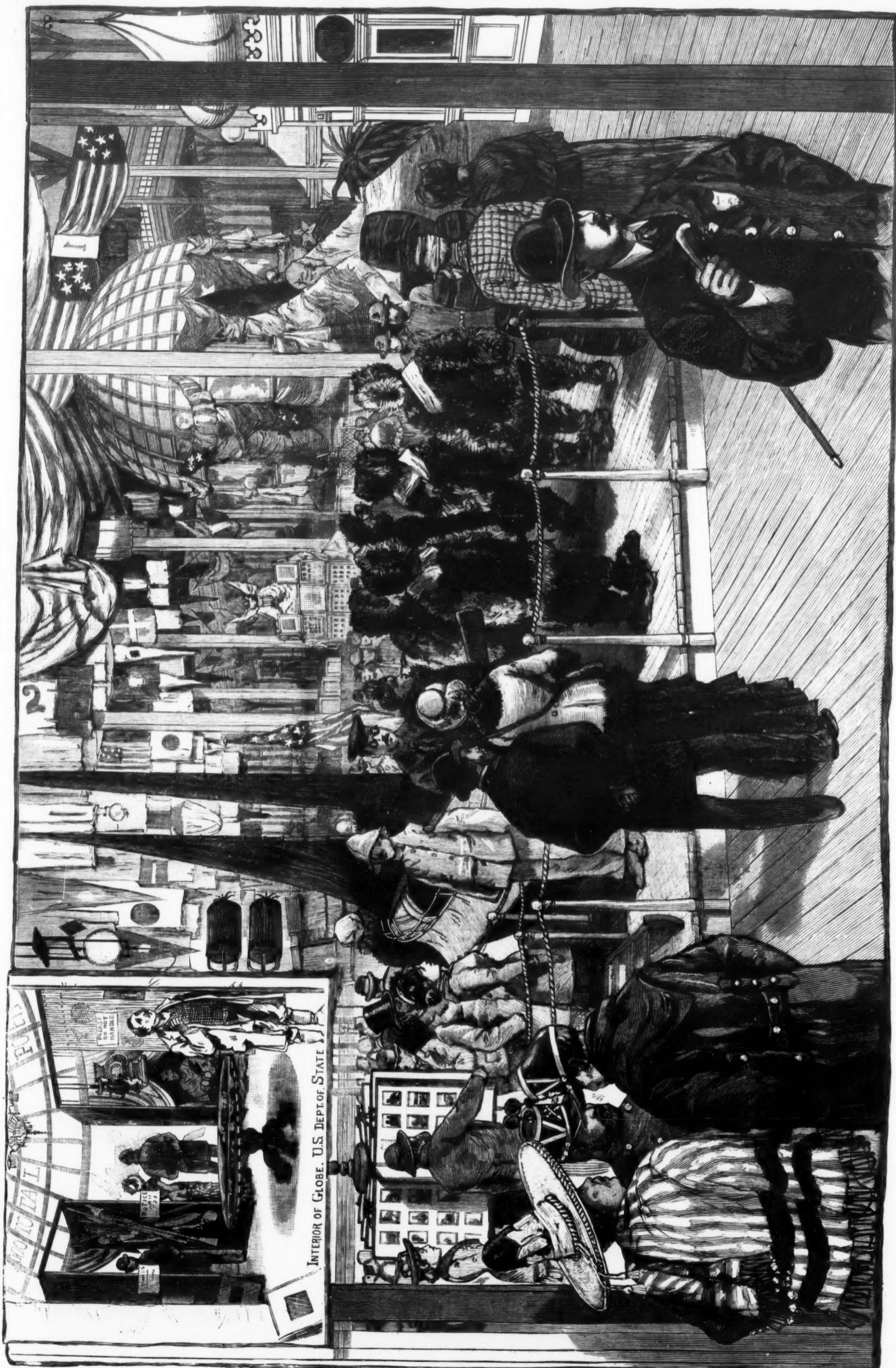
A SERIOUS revolt has occurred in Cambodia growing out of the popular hostility to the new treaty with France, by which a French protectorate is established over that country. A leader named Sivotha, with a band of Chinese pirates, attacked the French post at Lambor. The garrison, consisting of a small number of marines and a contingent of Annamite auxiliaries, offered a determined resistance to the assaulting party, but were finally compelled to withdraw. The commandant and several men were killed. At last accounts order had been restored, but the French have been obliged to send reinforcements from Saigon.

VASSAR COLLEGE has recently received from Mr. Horace Howard Furness, of Philadelphia, the distinguished Shakespearean scholar and editor, a gift of \$1,000 to establish a prize fund. It is to be named the Kate Rogers Furness Prize Fund, in memory of his deceased wife, who edited a Concordance of Shakespeare's Poems a few years ago. The income is to be divided into two prizes, which are to be granted to the two highest successful competitors in essays on some Shakespearean or Elizabethan subject. The competition is limited to the Senior class, and the prizes will be conferred at the beginning of the second semester.

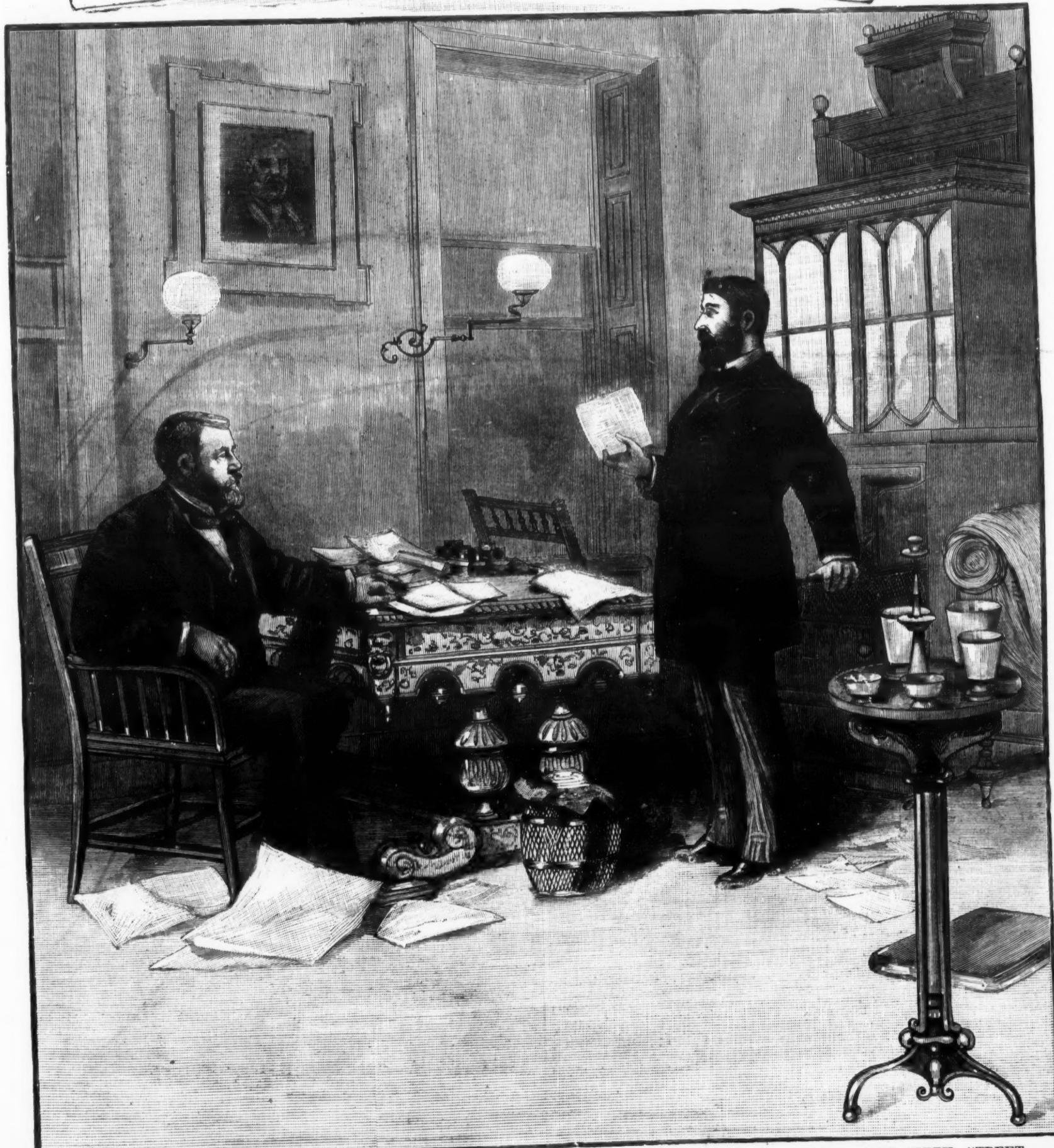
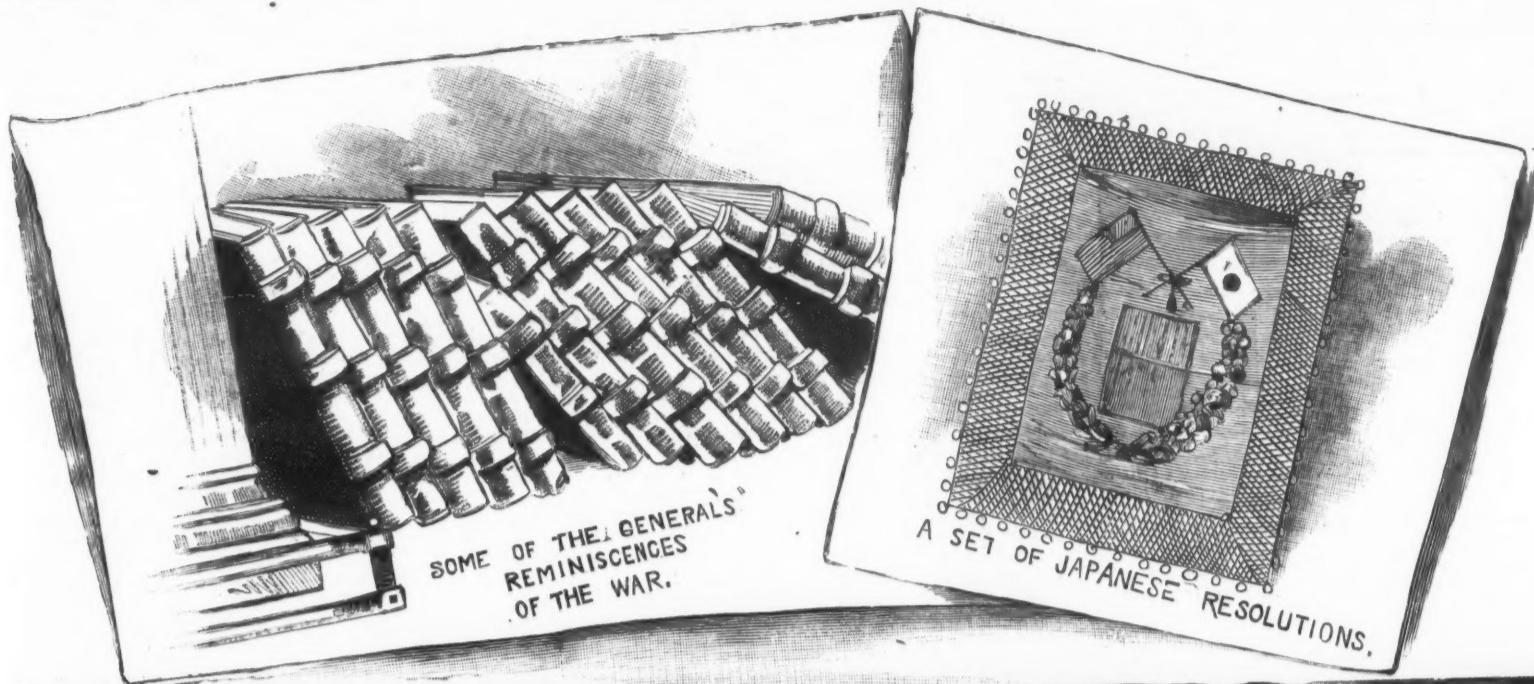
THE following obituary appears in a recent number of an Arizona paper: "The stalwart form of our genial friend and fellow-citizen, Abe Gunner, is stiff and cold, owing to a little trouble he had with Bite Off Ransom. It is not our province to say which was right, but to voice the general sentiment of regret that Abe is no more. As a mixer of drinks he reached up into the artistic, and the patrons of the Montezuma all recognized the fact. Abe will be buried with all the bullets which he received in the encounter, none of which, we are glad to say, are in his back, as it is not deemed necessary to get them out. The best people of the town will unite in doing honor to his memory."

A BAND of alleged miracle workers, who call themselves the "Holiness Band," and believe that all diseases can be cured by faith in Christ and the anointing oil, are filling the town of Spencer, Ind., with excitement. It is claimed that they have done many miracles in the way of healing. Their greatest wonder-work is said to be the cure of a person who had lost the use of one leg, but now walks the streets briskly without crutches. The band was started by the Rev. Mr. Lindsey, who appeared in town two years ago, and it now has fifty members. The oil used in anointing the sick appears to be common black lubricating oil, which is consecrated by the gallon every fourth Saturday. The ceremony is performed in secret. The band's mode of worship is something weird, sober, impressive, and sometimes affecting.

IN 1879 25,000 bags of cocoa beans were imported into this country. Last year the number reached 55,000. The use of chocolate in confectionery is very extensive, and as a beverage is gaining on tea and coffee. One New York manufacturer made last year 1,500,000 pounds, and used a ton of sugar a day. The best cocoa beans come from Venezuela and Mexico, the cheapest from St. Domingo. Only the finest sugars, mostly Havanas, can be used, as they must be ground. Most of the machinery is imported, though many improvements on the French models are in use. The present tariff discriminates against American chocolates by taxing sugar two cents a pound, and while foreign chocolates are admitted with only two cents a pound duty, it is necessary to pay sixteen cents to enter French markets.



LOUISIANA.—THE WORLD'S FAIR AND COTTON CENTENNIAL EXPOSITION, AT NEW ORLEANS—THE UNITED STATES EXHIBIT.—FROM SKETCHES BY C. UPHAM.—SEE PAGE 375.



NEW YORK CITY.—THE LIBRARY OF GENERAL U. S. GRANT, AT HIS RESIDENCE, NO. 3 EAST SIXTY-SIXTH STREET.
COL FRED GRANT READING THE MORNING MAIL TO HIS FATHER.—FROM SKETCHES BY A STAFF ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 375.

A LONE PATH.

SHE stood and looked adown youth's western slope. The path seemed dark and desolate and long; Dead at her feet there lay her heart's last hope; Behind her were the fields of bloom and song.

Nothing but empty wastes and dismal sands Her sad eyes saw 'neath skies of leaden hue; And further down, the dreary Arctic lands Of lonely age. God, what a barren view!

She caught her dead hope to her aching heart, It was so cold she could not hold it there; Body and soul seemed almost wrenched apart In that one moment of supreme despair.

Oh, pain! oh, death! there is no sadder sight Than this, wherein all light and bloom have died— A woman facing life's approaching night, Her last joy crucified!

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

TRAPPED.

BY PHILIP BOURKE MARSTON.

CHAPTER IX.

THE steamer would leave St. Malo at six o'clock. He would just have time to catch it. He turned and ran at the top of his speed, as if pursued, back to the high road. The wind hurried after him; the gulls clamored more wildly than ever; the sight of the great staggering waves dizzied him, his brain was reeling, and like one pursued he fled! A light cart was passing swiftly along the road; Gilbard paid the man lavishly for a "lift" to St. Malo. That morning he had sent his luggage thither, to be put on board the boat in readiness for him.

The steam was up and roaring, and the gangway was about to be withdrawn when Gilbard rushed on the quay, gesticulating to them to wait for him. The men who were about to haul in the plank held their hands, and he sprang upon the deck of the *Helena*, bound for Southampton.

The sailors on board shouted to the sailors on shore, who shouted back; ropes were cast loose, and the *Helena* steamed through the harbor, and through the stormy September twilight and the tumult of the sea, stood out for England.

It was a wild sea, indeed. Even the steadiest steamer staggered. As though she had been a thing mortally stricken, the good ship quailed and thrilled as the great waves struck her. Presently they were abreast of a lighthouse, and under it, Gilbard knew, lay that part of the shore he had quitted such a brief while ago: he was close to it again, but now in reality as far from it as if he were already in England. There were only two or three passengers on board beside himself, and they at once went below. Supporting himself by a rope, and drenched by the waves as they burst over the ship, Gilbard stood in the twilight white with foam and loud with wind. With nightfall the gale seemed only to increase, and being chilled to the bone, he followed the example of his fellow-passengers and went below.

He took a little brandy from his flask and flung himself on a sofa. Overhead he could hear the lurching steps of the sailors as they came and went. Now and then came the cry of "Boat ahead!" The engines groaned heavily as they contended with the opposing waves. Gilbard's traveling companions groaned too. The Frenchman, who was nervous, said he believed they were going down; to which the Englishman, who was seasick, replied that he didn't care if they were. Then to Gilbard, lying in his berth, there came a kind of vision. Far away beyond the ship, he saw into a cave. In it were strange sea-loving things—which he saw as it were from a light in his own eyes, for no light was there—and amongst them a man ran madly backwards and forwards, dashing himself against the unyielding rock till he was one mass of wounds.

Horace sprang up with a cry. His fellow-passengers were too wholly absorbed in their own misery to pay any attention to him. The voice had spoken! He was a murderer! Had he hastened for assistance, the fallen mass of rock could have been removed. An animal trapped is shot or knocked on the head, as the case may be, not left to die in darkness, and of thirst and starvation! He had done something which never in all his life's days could he undo! The frightful thought made the cold sweat break out upon his forehead, while his brain seethed, and his mouth felt as dry as sand. He argued with himself, tried to think that it was his life against hers; under the curse of his life her own was withering! Yet if he had only thought, there were other ways of saving her—though he saw it now too late. He might have outstripped D'Aurelles, gained Les Ormes by some short cut, warned her of her imminent danger, put forth all the power of his will, and forced her to fly at once. But instead, he had let this thing come to pass. He had left a human creature to the fate of being buried alive!

Overhead, to and fro, went the steps of the lurching sailors. Over the deck swept the wind and the sea—the car could scarcely distinguish the one from the other. From side to side rolled the ship, at times seeming all but to heel over, and only recovering herself as by a miracle. For his own part, thought Gilbard, he should be glad if she did heel over, so that he might forget in death the frightful thing he had done. But could the deed not yet be undone? The instant they reached Southampton he would telegraph to Catherine, telling her to have that part of the shore searched for a cave, the mouth of which had been blocked up by a fall of rock, and in which her husband was imprisoned; but she herself was to come to England at once, because he knew that her husband had designs upon her life. Ah, would it be too late!

A great wave thundered on the deck. What

hissing sound was that? The ship faltered, stopped, and then rolled heavily and helplessly.

"Ah, mon Dieu, mon Dieu!" cried the little Frenchman, smiting his hands together in abject terror. "Now, indeed, we are lost!"

"The water has burst into the engine-room, and put out the fire!" exclaimed Gilbard, who at once divined what had happened. He rushed up to the drenched deck, whereon even the sailors could scarce keep their footing, and ascertained, as soon as he could get any one to speak to him amid the turmoil, that his conjecture was the right one.

All that dreadful night the *Helena* rolled like a helpless log on the waves. Down-stairs the Frenchman prayed continuously, and the Englishman groaned and swore. Gilbard remained on deck, heedless of the risk he ran.

"How long could a man live without food?" he asked the captain suddenly. The captain replied he need not be anxious on that score; they were well provided. Gilbard rejoined that he felt no anxiety, but repeated his question. The captain supposed about three days, and hastened back to the bridge.

In spite of winds and waves, the *Helena* weathered the storm, and with daybreak the gale somewhat moderated. It was then discovered how far they had drifted out of their course: and they proceeded under canvas, but very slowly, as the wind, still very high, was against them. All day they made but small headway. At sundown the wind rose again to a gale, and again they had to lie to, expecting every moment that the vessel could not endure the strain put upon her and would go to pieces. This was what every one dreaded except Gilbard, and his one and only dread was lest it should be too late before he got to England. All the night as they lay rolling from side to side, he saw the wild desperate eyes of the man in the darkness of the cave, but the figure was prostrate now; any hope of deliverance had been given up. The thought consumed him like a flame. His hands were ice, his brain fire. The captain remarked that he looked ill, and recommended breakfast. He answered that he could not eat; that his getting to England within a given time was a matter of life or death. The captain replied that for his own sake, as for that of every one else, he should do his best, but they might be thankful if they got there at all.

The night passed, and again with daybreak the gale moderated, and under canvas, as on the previous day, they beat about, endeavoring to regain their course. And now alarmed by his own symptoms, Gilbard forced himself both to eat and drink. It was a mistake. They had been out three days, and might be out three more, or more still, said the captain; it was quite impossible to tell while this weather lasted.

It was ten days after she left St. Malo that the *Helena*, fatally disabled at the last, was towed into Southampton docks by a sister vessel which had picked her up. Of the three passengers on board, one seemed to have lost his reason, and lay helplessly and wildly raving of dark caves and of telegrams to be sent. Horace Gilbard was suffering from acute brain fever. A letter was found upon him, addressed to "H. Gilbard, Esq., Arts Club, London." He was at once conveyed to a hospital at Southampton, and the secretary of the club was communicated with, the result being that several of his friends came down from London to look at the sufferer, where he lay tossing upon his bed, evidently undergoing the most horrible torments; now fancying himself at sea, now in the terrible darkness of some dreadful cave, now striving wildly to dictate some message, yet never able to succeed! More than once the doctors gave him up; but at last the fever abated, and one morning, weak and exhausted, he awoke to consciousness, but it was days before he could associate the facts of the last month together in his mind.

He ascertained that the *Helena* had been ten days on the voyage. He had been ill on land for fourteen days. Ten and fourteen!—nearly a month! Nothing could be done now. He must accept his punishment. Others before him have been consumed in hell-fires of remorse. Let us hope it is accredited to them in the life to come.

As soon as he could travel, he returned to London, to his chambers. The last time he had crossed their threshold, it had been as an innocent man. Now the curse of a horrid crime, though not perpetrated by himself, lay upon him, and in his heart so separated him from his fellow-men that he exiled himself from all society. He never went to his club, and people wondered what had come to their old friend and brother-member, Gilbard.

Occasionally he was met in the streets, looking more like a ghast than like a man, saying in answer to all inquiries as to why he never came to the club, that he was not quite himself again.

Then in confidence it was whispered that he did his walking between the hours of two and seven A.M., and this was true.

Oh, those never-to-be-forgotten walks, when London seemed to him, indeed, a veritable "City of Dreadful Nights," as depicted by the late James Thomson, in a poem which for firm power it would not be possible to match! Mostly, Gilbard's dreamy beat was over the various bridges. He would lean on the parapet and look down into the river. Beyond, it was the sea; and beyond that—what?

Once he found a woman, driven to despair, in the act of attempting to throw herself over.

"Listen to me," he said. "Life is bitter to me, with an awful secret which I can tell to no one, and yet I live, because I may yet serve one who is dear to me. If there is no one whose life yours could aid or your death make wretched, I have nothing to say. But if help is all you need, I will help you!"

And so he did, and rescued one family from misery. And his own misery, for which there was no cure, had come to him through his zeal to protect the woman he worshiped.

Those dreadful mornings, when through the

yellow Winter fog the lurid Winter sun shone like a ball of fire! Then, worn out in mind and body, he would creep back to his rooms, to fall asleep, and dream, perhaps, that it was all a dream, and thank God rapturously that it was so! Then to awake. Oh, the anguish of knowing the dream false!

* * * * *

Waking, late one afternoon, he found, amongst his other letters, one from Catherine d'Aurelles. He opened it quickly, and read it with eagerness. It informed him of what he knew too well, that on the day he left for England her husband had disappeared. He had been traced to a gunsmith's, where he had bought a revolver, but since he left that shop nothing had been seen or heard of him. It did not seem as if he had contemplated going away, as the balance at his banker's had not been touched, and he had but little ready cash with him. The whole thing was shrouded in mystery. She had accepted an invitation from some friends living near The Firs to come and stay with them until The Firs should be vacated. She hoped, if it were not too far, he would come down to see her. Her friends (whom he would remember, the Blackstones, of Greysthorpe) would make him welcome. She wanted very much to see him, and was always most sincerely his friend, Catherine.

She wanted him? Of course he would go to her. He took the next day's train, and reached his destination just as the dusk was falling. She received him alone in much such a room as had been dedicated at The Firs to her especial service. It was in such a room, half-library, half-boudoir, about two years ago, that she had told him the bitter truth—that she loved another with the love that a husband had a right to claim. It was twilight then, too, and she was sitting by the fire.

How it all came back to him! Now she held out both hands, and said, with heart-felt earnestness in her tones:

"Oh, I am so glad to see you! How cold your hands are! Come and sit by the fire!" and she drew him to the hearth, still keeping his hands in hers; he could feel the rings on her fingers. She seated herself near to him, and said: "Aren't you a little glad to see me?"

"Very glad," he replied—and his voice sounded weak and hollow.

"What is the matter?" she asked, quickly. "Your voice tells me that you are ill."

"No, not now; but I have been."

And then he told her about the long, dangerous voyage to Southampton, and the subsequent fever.

"I was answerable for your illness," she said. "It was because you were so troubled about me!"

"I think you were partly answerable for it," he replied; and, then more to himself than to her: "How I suffered! I thought I should have gone mad!"

She knelt down by him, took one of his hands, and leaned her rose-soft cheek against it.

"My saint!" he said.

"No," she answered. "No saint, my dear, but a very weak and, if you like, a very womanly woman!"

Later on, they spoke of Albert; but Horace could not disclose his dreadful secret, though it was for her that the awful sin had been sinned.

He could not, of course, stay at Greysthorpe at the time, but he took a room permanently at the "Three Jolly Drummers," and came and went frequently. He could not fail to see the increasing tenderness of Catherine's manner to him, and a warm, soft light in her eyes which he had never perceived there in the old days when he had dreamt that she loved him. He knew that when a certain number of years have passed and nothing is heard of a missing husband, the law mercifully allows the wife to regard him as dead, so far at least as, in the event of her second marriage, to exempt her from the liability to prosecution for bigamy should the vanished husband reappear. Thus if Catherine were minded to marry him, a few years hence, he might be her husband without revealing the secret of Albert's death. But even were she so minded—for, after all, what she felt might be mere gratitude—could he ever, in any time to come, marry the wife of the man he had murderously left to perish? Always between himself and Catherine he saw the wild eyes of the desperate and dying man.

He noticed the change in his manner, and it perplexed her. She was wholly at a loss to what to attribute it. Sometimes he would lay his hand on hers, and then take it away with a shudder. One day she asked him if he liked her no more.

"I shall love you," he answered, "till I die—to the uttermost limits of being! I am not a happy man; but you must ask me no questions."

"Certainly not, if you wish it so," and her tone was cold. "I tell you all my thoughts. You know all my life!"

"If I only could tell you!" he groaned, and burst away from her.

So the days wore on, and brought the welcome Spring, when Catherine returned to live at The Firs.

Gilbard still retained his room at the "Jolly Drummers," and dined often at The Firs with Madame d'Aurelles, who was now generally regarded, and appeared to regard herself, as widowed.

One evening after dinner they were sitting on the lawn. Catherine had been reading, and the book lay open on her lap; her eyes still bent upon the page. His were bent down; he was lost in bitter meditation. Would Conscience never, never stay its inexorable hand from the lash? Would there be no least respite on this side of the grave? God! it would drive him mad, this remorse that poisoned all the air he breathed!

Between them and the faded light of the setting sun there fell a shadow! With a cry of almost insane terror, Horace sprang up and recoiled. Catherine started and pressed her hand upon her

heart; her face was white and her voice faint and faltering, as she said:

"Albert, is it you? Where have you been? What is the mystery?"

"I will tell you," he said, feebly, sinking into a garden-seat; and they saw how wasted were his face and figure.

"God in heaven be praised for this!" Horace cried, in his heart, overcome with great relief.

Then, interrupted by questions from time to time, the man supposed to be dead and come to life again told his tale. It appeared that in the cave where he found himself imprisoned he had discovered kegs of brandy and tobacco; this showed him that the cave was used by smugglers as a kind of storehouse, and gave him some measure of hope. Also groping about, he found a bag of biscuits. He forced one of the kegs of brandy, and on that and the biscuits he lived for a day or two, which seemed an eternity. At last he heard strange sounds above and behind the cave—voices—a shot! There were people near. Presently there was a rumbling noise at the upper part of the back of the cave, and a rock rolled gratingly aside and the blessed light of evening streamed in. The rock had concealed a secret entrance leading from the cliff. Down a rugged sort of stairs came two men bearing a body.

"He won't spoil sport any more," said one.

It was the coast-guard whom they had shot. Other men followed them; they instantly perceived Albert, and he was seized by many hands, with cries of "A spy! a spy!" He protested and explained in vain.

"We must make a clean job of it," said one man, "or there will be no safety for us!" And, drawing a pistol, he was about to lodge the contents in Albert's brain, when a commanding voice exclaimed:

"Stop! I knew this man once, before I took to this business, and he did me a good turn. His story may well be true. Spy or no spy, I'll not have him shot. We'll set him down where his barking will harm no man. Never take life unless there is no other way out of the difficulty. We'll take him with us, and teach him to work the ropes."

The others yielded a grudging obedience to their captain, and Albert was left unharmed, but tied hand and foot and shut up in the cave with the body of the murdered coast-guard until past midnight, when the gang returned, and they were both taken out; the body was flung into the sea, and Albert into the bottom of a boat, which was rowed out a short distance to a sailing-vessel, up whose sides he was dragged. Once fairly at sea, he was unbound, and on the whole not treated badly. He gladly learned how to "work the ropes," but his health, enfeebled by his intemperate habits, broke down. After some weeks he was rowed ashore one night, and left on the coast of Spain, while the ship, having done her business there, went sailing away.

He had had ten pounds in his pocket, and through the intervention of the captain, who stood his friend, not more than half had been taken from him. He found his way to the nearest town, and procured shelter for the night. The next day he was seized with inflammation of the lungs; he was kindly nursed by the sympathetic Spanish women, at whose mercy he found himself, and who were all goodness to the forlorn stranger; but his illness was serious, and terminated in consumption. Nevertheless, he recovered sufficiently to work, for the decline was a lingering one; and he made friends among these strangers who procured him some light task to do.

Then, as he grew worse, a yearning to see his wife once more before he died came upon him, and he got money enough together for his homeward passage. He could have written for money to his bankers, but he admitted that his first wicked plan had been to leave Catherine in the belief that he was dead, and to trap her into a marriage with Gilbard, and then to appear and blight their hopes. But when he saw Death coming very close, he gave up the scheme, and perhaps was even a little penitent.

In conclusion, he said to Catherine:

"As I must confess soon to God, I will confess to you that but for that fallen rock that blocked up the cave, you would not sit there to-night. I had made up my mind to kill you, though I killed myself after. I had bought the revolver for that purpose. Even when I seemed to hate you, the thought of another man's touching you maddened me, so that when I saw him kiss you I swore to kill you, and him, and last, myself! It was a brave plan, but the gods ordained otherwise."

The listeners shuddered; then Catherine said:

"I forgive you, for I think that brandy had made you almost irresponsible for your thoughts or actions!"

Well, there is little more to tell. Before the Spring ripened into Summer, Albert d'Aurelles died. It would be a farce to say that many tears were shed over his grave.

The evening after the funeral, kneeling at Catherine's feet, Horace confessed his secret. She heard him through, and not without a tremor shaking her, as he described the horrors of his remorse for the crime he believed himself to have committed.

When he had made an end of his story, she passed her hand across his hair, which had turned quite gray during the last few months.

"My poor Horace!" she murmured, softly. "What have you not borne for me! I am glad that his death does not lie at your door, you are free from all guilt, whatever might have been! But you should have told me all. I can understand that, loving me as you did, believing as was

seen, made you powerless! Everything was against you! If you had told me, I would have talked to you, and I think I could have comforted you a little! My poor darling!" she said, in her lowest and most caressing tones, "how you must have suffered!"

"Yes," he answered, as he clasped both her hands in his, "I have known the tortures of the damned! Some day, Catherine, I shall know, shall I not, the felicity of the blest?"

"I hope so, Horace," she whispered, and their lips met in a long kiss.

THE END.

THE NEW PENSION OFFICE BUILDING, WASHINGTON, D. C.

THE new building of the Pension Office in Washington is rapidly approaching completion. The time for its official occupancy has not yet been definitely set, but on the 4th of March next it will be the scene of a brilliant social event of national interest—the Inauguration Ball. Built upon the general plan of the great Italian palaces, the new edifice has a cortile which, by means of a temporary roof and a dancing floor, can and will be converted into a spacious and lofty ballroom. A wide balcony runs entirely around this area, and numerous well-lighted and heated apartments opening upon it will serve admirably as dressing and supper rooms. With electric lights, flowers, portraits, the decorative bunting of the War and Navy Departments, the music of the Marine Band and a large string orchestra, the place will be transformed into a festal hall worthy to hold an assemblage of the beauty and the chivalry of the nation.

The building is located in the northern part of Judiciary Square, just to the southwest of the site of the old District Jail. It occupies the square bounded by F and G and Fourth and Fifth Streets. The south front, 400 feet long, is on the building line of F Street, running east and west. The depth of the building is 200 feet, and the height of the main cornice is 75 feet. The material prescribed by the law is brick and metal, consequently fire-proof, roof and all. There is a large central hall, surrounded by three stories of lofty rooms, the standard size of which is 37 x 26 feet.

The building is provided with four stairways, one for each front. The windows are large and decorated with pilasters, cornices and pediments in the two upper stories. In the lower story a horizontal cornice alone, supported by consoles, crowns the windows. The pilasters, cornices, consoles and other ornaments of the windows are of pressed and molded brick and terra cotta. A deep cornice crowns the outer wall, most of it also executed in molded brick and terra cotta, but with a crowning member of metal. The string courses, of molded brick and terra cotta, separate and mark the stories. One, that above the first base, is decorated with terra cotta sculpture. The galleries surrounding the central hall are of brick masonry, resting on brick arches, supported by cast-iron columns of the Doric and Ionic Orders. The roof is of iron and fireproof; that of the middle third of the building, as seen from the north and south, is one story higher than that over the two ends. The foundation is of concrete, resting on the natural ground. Cellars and vaults for boilers, coal, etc., have been excavated in the line of the valley which formerly crossed the site, and which had been filled up. The general principles of construction are those which were presented in General Meigs's original project for the National Museum, and the building is throughout light and thoroughly ventilated. The great cortile which we have mentioned is to be roofed and converted into a great hall, covered from sun and rain, and giving light and air to the apartments which surround it. The building has 166,000 square feet of flooring and will provide space for 1,500 clerks. The flooring is of brick, with some non-conductor covering warm to the feet. All parts will be fireproof. The endeavor has been made to execute literally the law, which three years ago appropriated \$250,000 to begin the construction of a brick and metal fireproof building, cost not to exceed \$400,000. The actual cost is estimated at \$440,000.

MR. GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA.

THE celebrated journalist, correspondent and critic whose portrait we place before our readers is an Englishman with an Italian name, Yankee enterprise, and Gallic *esprit*. His home is nominally in London, but, as a fellow-journalist has remarked, he does not stay very long anywhere, except upon the London *Illustrated News*. At present he is crossing the American continent for the third time, on his way to Australia, lecturing at some of the chief cities as he goes. Mr. Sala is a wonderfully entertaining talker, both on the platform and off it, and has received a cordial welcome everywhere. He has been received in New York city with marked honors, the Lotos Club and the Press Club paying him especially hospitable attention.

Mr. George Augustus Sala was born in London in 1828, his father being an Italian, but his mother an English West Indian lady, who practiced the profession of music, and who had some repute both as a singer and as a teacher of singing. As a boy, he was educated chiefly in Paris, at the Collège Bourbon. Between the ages of six and nine he was afflicted with total blindness, so that he could neither read nor write until he was nearly ten years old. From the Paris school, where he remained two years, he was sent to London, for the purpose of learning English, of which he was at that time totally ignorant. He was originally destined for a painter, and spent some time in studying art.

Being in need of money he could not afford to wait for the slow development of an art reputation, and began, as soon as he could draw, to earn a livelihood by making political caricatures and skits at passing events. He turned out many hundreds of these, which found a ready sale; but the profit was so small that he was scarcely paid for the work, which was not only laborious but very hard upon his eyes. For several years he tried his hand at almost every variety of occupation. From assistant scene-painter to translator of French farces, from advertising agent to life insurance agent, from music copying to patent medicine, he left no stone unturned. Finally he dropped into journalism, and he had no sooner fallen into the niche than he found that he fitted it exactly. Charles Dickens was among the first to discover his journalistic ability, and about 1851 gave him an opportunity to write for *Household Words*, to which magazine he became a constant contributor, and thus made his first mark.

He wrote for the *Cornhill Magazine*, under Thackeray's editorship, and he became the first editor of the *Temple Bar Magazine*, for which he wrote a novel, "The Seven Sons of Mammon," and a romance called "Strange Adventures of Captain Dangerous." His story called "Quite Alone," was written for *All the Year Round*, and he has also produced a novel entitled, "The Badlington Peerage," and several other stories. Mr. Sala's chief strength does not lie in sustained fiction. Indeed, his constant employment in journalism has not left him any leisure for effective attempts in novel writing. He went to Russia in 1859; to the United States for the *Daily Telegraph* in the latter part of the War of Secession, and further to Mexico; on his return, he accompanied the late Emperor Napoleon's visit to Algeria; in 1870, he was at Metz and at Paris during the crisis of the war between France and Germany, and at Rome when the Italian Army entered that city; in 1875 he was in Spain at the accession of King Alfonso XII., and at the meeting of the King of Italy and the Emperor of Austria at Venice. Mr. Sala again visited Russia in 1876, and traveled southward to Odessa and Constantinople, to witness the opening of the European Conference; and in 1881 he came again to the United States, acting as special correspondent for the *Daily Telegraph* on each of those occasions. He was also at the Moscow coronation of the Emperor Alexander III. He has thus seen much of royal and imperial court pageantry, and something of the turmoil of warfare. At one time, indeed, he was with Garibaldi in the Italian Tyrol, during the brief campaign of 1866. Other travels and visits to different cities of Europe have been undertaken by Mr. Sala for the purpose of describing their social everyday condition and habits, in which he is particularly happy; the aspects of city streets and markets, popular festivities, theatres, railways and steamboat traveling, hotel life and club life, are depicted by him in the liveliest style, and enlivened with a rich vein of humor.

Mr. Sala is one of the most active and industrious of literary men; though a cosmopolitan man of the world in experience, he cultivates a taste for literary, historical and antiquarian studies, and his stories of curious learning, accurate but academical, seem greater than might have been expected in the case of a busy newspaper writer.

DR. CARVER'S SHOOTING IN NEW HAVEN.

A N event which excited great interest in sporting circles last week was the remarkable exhibition of shooting, given by the well-known Dr. William F. Carver, in New Haven, Conn. The feat which he undertook was that of breaking with a rifle sixty thousand glass balls thrown in the air, in six consecutive days. The accomplishment of this task, it will be seen, required the shooting of ten thousand balls a day, or an average of seven hits per minute for 144 hours. The continuous lifting of the rifle with the left arm, and the enormous recoil for such a number of shots, to say nothing of the phenomenal marksmanship, made the physical effort an enormous one. Up to nine o'clock on Friday evening he had fired 54,121 shots, with 4,451 misses, and 49,680 hits; and the indications were that he would accomplish his task.

MARRIED MEN AND THE CHOLERA.

THAT married men are longer lived than bachelors has long been a recognized fact. But the value of marriage to the male sex as a preservative against death by cholera is shown in a series of figures, which can scarcely be called anything less than astounding, by the Municipality of Paris, in a singularly valuable publication called the "Bulletin Hebdomadaire de Statistique Municipale." It is a table of the ratio of deaths by cholera, per 100,000 inhabitants of persons of the male sex during the late epidemic, from November 3d to November 29th:

	Ratio of deaths.	Single.	Married.
From 25 to 30 years of age	51	18	18
" 30 to 35 "	78	21	
" 35 to 40 "	58	40	
" 40 to 45 "	152	44	
" 45 to 50 "	88	47	
" 50 to 55 "	107	37	
" 55 to 60 "	83	57	
" 60 to 65 "	117	37	
" 65 to 70 "	89	46	
" 70 to 75 "	455		

It is remarkable that the female mortality from cholera has also been much lower than the male, in the proportion of 379 to 561. Thus women manage to keep themselves alive and their husbands, too.

THE CREOLES.

THE average Northern visitor to New Orleans at this time seems to have come principally to see the creoles, and, incidentally—if time permits—to do the Exposition. Scarcely has he reached his hotel before he inquires where the creole beauties are to be seen—being apparently under the impression that they are on exhibition at certain street corners, or are displayed somewhere in glass cases at so much per head. Exactly what a creole is he doesn't seem to have much idea, but he evidently has a vague notion that a creole is a being of surpassing beauty, full of grace and elegance and dignity, and all that sort of thing, who moves through life in an atmosphere of perpetual sunshine and perfume, and who is to be found only in New Orleans. There is just a dash of African blood, he fancies, in the veins of the creole; and she—for to his mind the creole is always of the feminine sex—dances divinely, dresses exquisitely, converses in French with the fluency of the Parisian, and speaks English with the musical accent made familiar to his ears by the traditional full-dress foreign villain of the stage. Determined to learn all that is to be learned on this subject, the stranger orders creole eggs for breakfast, and finds that they taste exactly like other eggs; calls for a creole cocktail at the first bar, and discovers no peculiar effects; lights a creole cigar and saunters down Canal Street to look for creole beauties. He doesn't find them. He passes Englishmen and Frenchmen, and Germans and Italians, and Spaniards and Mexicans, and no end of Africans; but the rare and radiant beings whom he seeks do not materialize. In an indignant mood he ends his stroll, and returns to his hotel with the firm conviction that "this creole business is all humbug," and that he has been made a victim of false pretenses.

But if he looks into Webster's dictionary he will find that the creole is "one born in America or the West Indies of European ancestors." If this definition is correct New Orleans is full of creoles,

and so, for that matter, is the city council of Chicago. But, as to their beauty. Ah, well, that is a matter of taste. There are different standards of beauty. The Piute chief sees in the dusky maiden, besmeared with grease and filth, covered with gaudy trinkets, and redolent with the pungent odors of the tepee and the wigwam, a being

"—fairer than the evening air,
Clad in the beauty of a thousand stars."

But the unpoetical Anglo-Saxon would have the dusky maiden abated as a nuisance.

Webster's definition of the word "creole" is pronounced by a local authority of high repute to be in every way inaccurate. The term, he declares, "has a more restricted and special application." The creole proper is the descendant of the original French settlers who, by intermarrying, have preserved the type of his ancestors, which, though modified by time and association, still retains, in a great measure, their traits and manners. The creoles, then, are the true Louisianians; all others are simply imitations. When the Northern visitor once discovers that the creole is not a "nigger" of any shade or degree, is of both sexes, and is not necessarily beautiful, he loses, to a great extent, his interest in the general subject of creoles, and is ready for a visit to the Exposition.

Of recent years the creole element in New Orleans society has lost, to a considerable extent, that prominence which it formerly possessed. The old creole families have been slow to adapt themselves to the changed conditions of life in the Crescent City. Tenacious of old ways and forms, clinging with characteristic French fondness to the homes endeared to them by a thousand tender associations and pleasant memories, they have retired more and more within themselves as the waves of modern progress have swept with ever increasing force across the familiar paths they and their ancestors had trod for many generations, and gradually obliterated the landmarks which told of the luxury and splendor of the ante-bellum period. The loss of their slaves and the ravages of the war reduced most of these old families from affluence to comparative poverty. Most of the creole mansions in old New Orleans are fallen into architectural decrepitude; but the occupants are still as stately, as dignified and as courteous as in the days of their prosperity. They are, if anything, more exclusive than before, and general society knows them less and less as the years pass by. Some of them of advanced age have never, I am told, crossed Canal Street, the line which separates the old city from the new.

There are splendid types of female beauty among the creoles, but they are not on exhibition for the benefit of curious strangers. They are to be seen of a Sunday morning at the cathedral, or at the French opera upon some special occasion, or perhaps at the annual reception of the Pickwick Club. Their complexions are olive; their hair black and lustrous; their eyes large, dark and expressive; their hands and feet small; their figures slender and graceful; their carriage stately and dignified; their taste in dress exquisite. These types are by no means rare, but as a class it may be doubted whether the creole women can be really pronounced handsome.

FACTS OF INTEREST.

GENERAL BUTLER has just got a decision in his favor of \$53,291 from the Court of Claims for grants contracts with the Government.

CUBA'S two millions of people have to pay \$14,000,000 a year for the support of the army and navy that keep them in subjection. The island yields Spain an annual revenue of \$37,000,000.

M. COCHERY, the French Minister of Postal Telegraphy, has ordered that the recently completed pneumatic system of Paris be employed to convey ordinary letters to the several railway stations after the closing hours of the different post-offices. An extra charge of three deniers a letter is required for this additional service. It is expected that the pneumatic tubes will be further utilized at an early day by the Post Office.

A NEW bridge across the Mississippi River, between North McGregor, Iowa, and Prairie du Chien, Wis., is projected. The bridge, if built, will be nearly a mile long, and will be a part of the St. Paul Railway system, although it will not be owned by that corporation. It will replace the pontoon bridge now in use at that place. The bridge will be built by a stock company headed by General Lawler, the owner of the present bridge, and will cost from \$800,000 to \$1,000,000.

The wonder is not that most residences in large cities are unhealthy, but that they are at all habitable. Generally the city house is immediately connected by a pipe of no great dimensions with drains of sewage miles in length and flowing under street after street. The conditions also are such that very frequently poisonous gases find a ready entrance to the kitchen, the bedrooms, and the living rooms. There can be no healthy houses unless the conservancy and drainage systems are placed entirely outside the main walls.

THE removal of the Elevated Railway offices from New York city to Irvington, N. Y., has made something of a sensation. The managers say that the excessive taxation in New York of \$1,000,000 for personality and structure has impelled them to remove the main offices to another county. The city proposes to assess the structure at \$11,000,000, the Manhattan stock at \$26,000,000, and the two elevated roads at a total of \$13,000,000. Mr. Jay Gould holds that by the removal the company has the right to elect the place where its property shall be assessed. The Tax Commissioners say that the object of the managers is to evade taxation, but that they will not succeed. A long lawsuit is promised on the collection of the taxes imposed.

THE fact has been mentioned that the German flag has been raised on the northern coast of New Guinea, on New Britain, an island to the northeast of the former, 12,000 square miles in extent, and on the smaller island of New Ireland, just beyond New Britain. As the British Government had only annexed the southern part of New Guinea, the British Ministry has no ground for remonstrance, but the Australians are irritated by the loss of territories which they looked upon as theirs, and as against the Home Government they have serious cause of complaint.

It may be noted that German New Guinea, even if Prince Bismarck buys out the Dutch, will be separated from the English section by a lofty chain of mountains, and that the German settlements will be 1,200 miles from the nearest point of Australia, and 2,800 miles from Melbourne. The Australians, however, contend that any foreign settlement in their quarter of the Pacific will inflict upon them a foreign policy, and are backed in their complaint by the party among ourselves which claims the pre-emption of the world.

PERSONAL GOSSIP.

CHIEF JUSTICE WAITE is slowly improving in health, and expects to leave Washington for the South during the present week.

THE Tichborne claimant, who was recently released from prison, has made arrangements to visit America on a lecturing tour.

JEFFERSON DAVIS has just been elected a member of the Maryland Confederate Society, of which General Bradley T. Johnson is the head.

It is said that Mr. Robert Browning, who is seventy-three years old, and has been a widower for twenty-four years, is about to remarry.

THE Emperor William of Germany has conferred the Order of the Black Eagle upon Prince Albert Victor, the eldest son of the Prince of Wales.

UNITED STATES SENATOR JONES, of Nevada, has been re-elected for the term of six years. Hon. Orville H. Pratt has also been re-elected as United States Senator from Connecticut.

DR. SCHAFFMANN, a political leader of the Catholics in the Netherlands, has issued a declaration in favor of absolute liberty of education. He would have the State exercise no control beyond the examination of the teachers.

AN effort is being made in Pittsburgh to raise money for the purpose of having Francis Murphy, the temperance agitator, locate permanently in that city as the head of a church to be known as the Church of Gospel Temperance.

MISS MARY ANDERSON is having her portrait painted by Mr. Watts, the Royal Academician. She has already given him a number of sittings, and it is expected that the picture will be finished in time for the exhibition at the Royal Academy in May.

MRS VAN ZANDT appeared at the first gala concert given at the Court of Russia since the assassination of the Czar Alexander II. She achieved the greatest success attained in Russia since the appearance of Mme. Patti. The Czar personally presented her with costly jewels.

WHEN Myra Clark Gainer appeared in court her husband, the gallant General, always sat by her side in full uniform, with sword and belt. If any wrangle occurred in the progress of a suit he never failed to remind counsel that he accepted the full responsibility for all the lady or her lawyers might say or do.

THE visits of the King of Italy among the cholera-stricken poor in the slums of Naples have had two good effects. In the first place, they have greatly heightened the esteem and affection felt by the people for their sovereign; and, in the second, they will lead to great sanitary reforms in Naples and, it is hoped, in other towns in Italy.

JOHN B. JARVIS, a civil engineer of widespread reputation, died last week. His first important work was the construction of the Croton Aqueduct. Port Jervis was named after him. He was chief engineer of the Albany and Schenectady and the Schenectady and Saratoga Railroads. For the latter road he invented the locomotive truck, the principle of which is still in use on all locomotives. Rome, N. Y., was his home for eighty-six years, his life having begun at Huntington, L. I., ninety years ago.

SARAH BERNHARDT's gorgeous imperial mantle, worn in Sardou's new play, "Theodora," is the talk of the hour in Paris. Though not so valuable as the original, which was said to be worth \$600,000, the modern mantle cost \$1,600, and is exactly copied from the famous mosaic portrait of the Empress of Ravenna. It is made in blue satin, bordered with gold and sewn with peacock feathers having sapphires and emeralds and ruby eyes, and is worn by *Theodora* when visiting the Hippodrome in state.

THE Moody revival meetings held in Richmond, Va., have been largely attended. So great was the desire to hear Mr. Moody that many persons remained in the building from one meeting to another, afraid to leave the hall lest they should be unable to get in upon their return. Some took their lunches with them, and partook of them before the services opened. On one day the revivalist preached to the colored people exclusively, when the largest gathering of colored worshippers ever seen in that State was present.

THE Earl of Aylesford, a well-known Englishman, died suddenly at Big Springs, Texas, one day last week. He went to Texas about three years ago and invested largely in the West. He had



CONNECTICUT.—DR. WM. F. CARVER'S ATTEMPT, AT NEW HAVEN, TO SHOOT 60,000 WOODEN BALLS THROWN INTO THE AIR, IN SIX DAYS—JAN. 12-17.
FROM A SKETCH BY A STAFF ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 379.

THE LATE CAPTAIN RYNDERS.

THE late Captain Isaiah Rynders, who died suddenly in New York city, on the 12th instant, has been prominent for nearly half a century, not alone in New York, but in many of the Southern States, as river-boat captain, sporting man, and politician. His history is replete with stirring events of the times in which he lived. His peculiarities as a public man, and the singular style in which he addressed political assemblages, made him famous for many years. Rough in language, rather uncouth in personal appearance, strictly honest in business transactions, ever ready with the fist to defend the faith that was in him, "Captain" or "Marshal" Rynders, as he was more familiarly called in later years, was a peculiar type of the class which at one time completely dominated the politics of the metropolis. He was born in Waterford, N. Y., in 1804. In early life he was employed on sailing vessels on the North River, and at length owned a small schooner, and afterwards opened in this city a liquor shop which was frequented by "sporting" men. From the outset he was an ardent Democrat, and was much given to speaking at ward meetings. He was a ready and effective speaker with the lower classes, his speeches being interlarded with homely stories and vigorous epithets applied to his opponents. In the Polk-Clay campaign of 1844 he took a conspicuous part. He organized the Empire Club, at first composed of the roughest class of "sporting" men, and was chosen its commander. It was afterwards joined by several merchants and business men generally, and soon became the strongest



NEW YORK.—THE LATE ISAIAH RYNDERS.

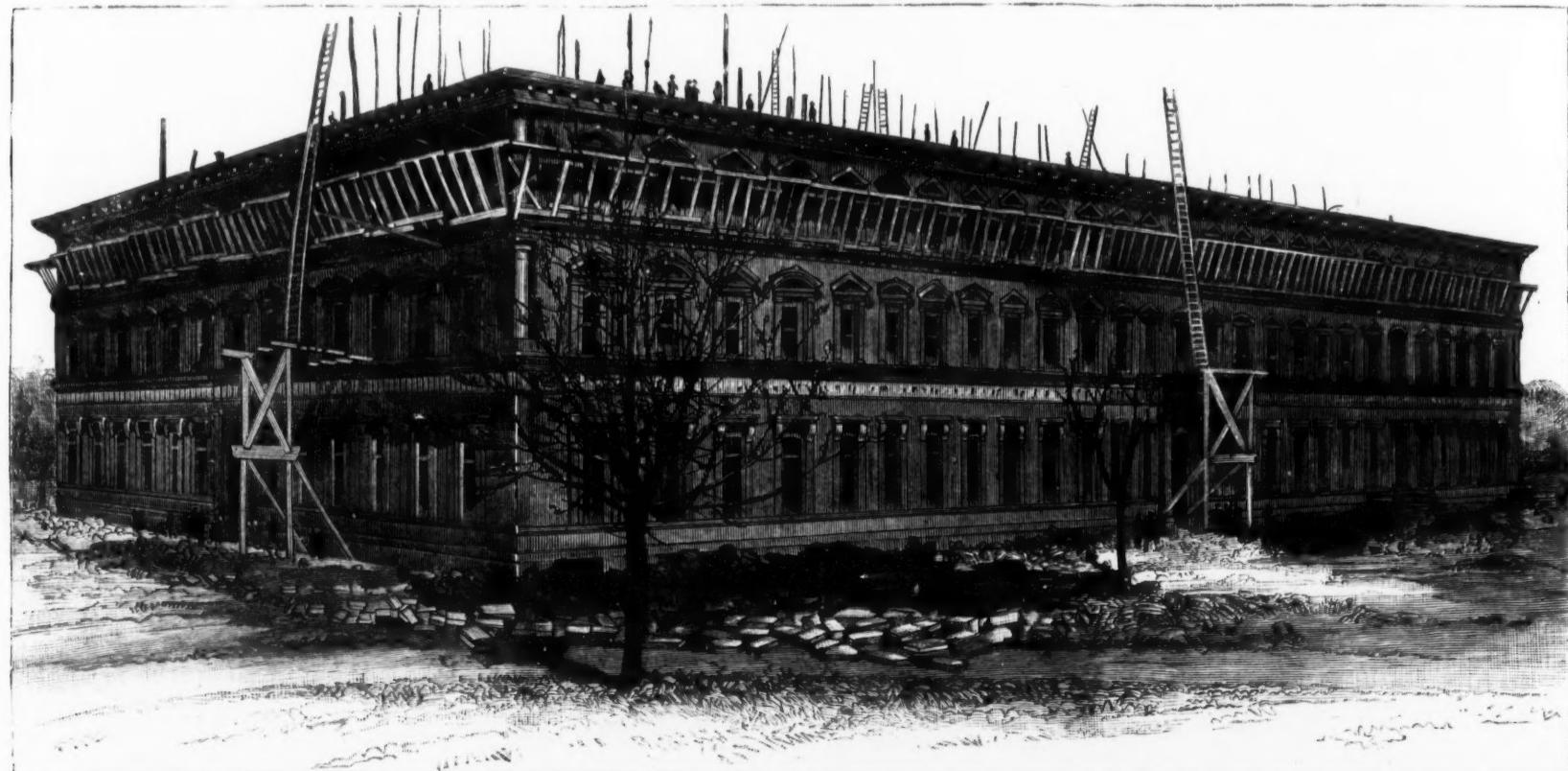
political club in the country. It remained in existence until after the Buchanan campaign of 1856, when it slowly went to pieces.

As the Abolition question came into prominence, Captain Rynders early made himself conspicuous by his attacks upon the speakers at the anniversary meetings. In the Presidential campaign of 1856 President Buchanan made him United States Marshal for the Southern District of New York, and there was scarcely a pretense of attempting to enforce the laws against fitting out slaves, nor was it stopped until Gordon was hanged, in the first year of Lincoln's Administration. One of the noteworthy things Rynders did was to superintend the hanging of Hicks, the pirate. A day or two before his execution, Hicks caught up a heavy stool and rushed toward Rynders. The jailer's revolver cracked the prisoner's advance; thereafter he was closely guarded until executed.

Captain Rynders afterwards held some minor positions under the City Government. He was a deputy-sheriff under Matthew T. Brennan. Later he held a clerkship, a comparative sinecure, under County Clerks Walsh and Gumbleton, until dismissed by Hubert O. Thompson. A few years ago he purchased a farm near Passaic, N. J., and began raising blooded stock, but the venture was not a successful one.

THE LATE HON. SCHUYLER COLFAX.

THE death of ex-Vice-President Schuyler Colfax came with startling suddenness, on Tuesday, the 13th instant. In the forenoon of that day he arrived by the Milwaukee and St. Paul Railroad



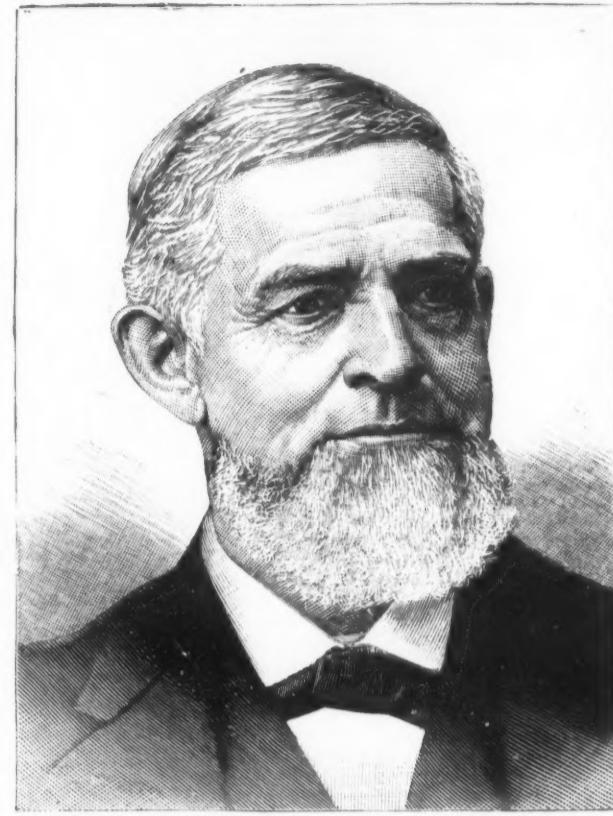
WASHINGTON, D.C.—THE NEW PENSION BUILDING, JUDICIARY SQUARE, WHERE THE PRESIDENTIAL INAUGURATION BALL WILL BE HELD.—FROM A PHOTO.—SEE PAGE 379.



GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA, JOURNALIST AND LECTURER.
SEE PAGE 379.

in Mankato, Minn., through which place he was passing on a business trip. Taking his satchel in hand, he said he would walk to the Omaha depot, half a mile distant. On arriving at that station, he entered the waiting-room, set his satchel down, and, stepping over to the window, looked out. People in the depot noticed that he looked pale and breathed fast, as though he had walked rapidly, but otherwise he appeared in excellent health. After gazing out of the window a short time he returned to his seat and sat down. In a moment the agent and what few passengers were in the depot were startled and alarmed to see him fall suddenly forward to the floor. The agent, assisted by the passengers, did everything they could, but it was too late, and with one or two short gasps he died without saying a word. It is supposed that the extreme cold through which he had walked, the over-exertion, and the subsequent heat of the waiting-room caused a stoppage of the flow of blood to the heart. The body was taken charge of by the Odd Fellows of Mankato, and conveyed to the home of Mr. Colfax at South Bend, Ind., where the funeral was attended by a large and distinguished assemblage.

Schuyler Colfax was born in New York city, March 23d, 1823. He removed to Indiana in 1836, and was for some time a clerk in a country store. After studying law and working as a printer and newspaper reporter he established at South Bend, in 1845, a Whig newspaper called the *St. Joseph Valley Register*, of which he remained proprietor till 1850. He was Secretary of the Whig National Conventions in 1848 and 1852, and in 1850 a member of the State Constitutional Convention. He became a Republican shortly after the destruction of the Whig Party. He was elected to the Thirty-fourth Congress from the Ninth Indiana District, which he continued to represent till 1869. For two terms he was Chairman of the House Committee on Post Offices and Post Roads. He became a prominent figure on the Republican side, and was elected Speaker of the House in the Thirty-eighth Congress in 1863, and was twice re-elected.



INDIANA.—THE LATE SCHUYLER COLFAX, EX-VICE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES.
PHOTO. BY A. BOGARDUS & CO., 872 BROADWAY.



LOUISIANA.—THE WORLD'S FAIR AND COTTON CENTENNIAL EXPOSITION AT NEW ORLEANS.—THE JAPANESE AND BRITISH HONDURAS EXHIBITS.
FROM SKETCHES BY C. UPHAM.—SEE PAGE 375.

In 1865, with the late Samuel Bowles and other journalists, he made the overland trip to California. In 1868 he was nominated and elected Vice-President on the Republican ticket with General Grant. In 1870 he gave notice of his intention to withdraw from public life at the end of his term, but he was again a candidate for the nomination for Vice-President in the Republican National Convention in 1872, and received 314½ votes against 384½ for Henry Wilson, who got the nomination.

Mr. Colfax was involved in the Credit Mobilier investigation in 1873, Oakes Ames having testified that he paid him a dividend of \$1,200, by a check on the Sergeant-at-Arms, and supporting the charge by an entry in the famous "memorandum book." Mr. Colfax, in his own defense, testified that the \$1,200 deposited with his bankers, alleged to be identical with the check mentioned by Ames, was received by him in sums of \$200 and \$1,000 in a perfectly legitimate manner from other sources. A motion for the impeachment of Mr. Colfax was defeated in the House; and though undeniably he suffered in popular estimation from the Credit Mobilier charges, his friends and neighbors retained full confidence in his integrity. None who knew the man can doubt the sincerity of the words which he uttered but a short time before his death: "I have nothing for which to offer regrets in all my public career. Not that I did not make mistakes, as every man will, but what I made were honestly made."

On retiring from public life, Mr. Colfax entered the lecture field. His favorite lecture was on his "Personal Reminiscences of Abraham Lincoln," and with it and other reminiscences he made a good living and entertained thousands of people during the past ten years.

Mr. Colfax was twice married, and by his first wife had two children, both of whom are dead. A son fourteen years of age, by the present Mrs. Colfax, survives.

FUN.

Is the man who smokes ten-for-a-quarter cigars who never swears off.

Good style is good sense, good health, good energy and goodwill; but a bottle of Dr. Bull's COUGH SYRUP is a good benefaction that suffering humanity has already learned to appreciate.

ONE of the worst feelings that a young man is called upon to experience is, when he has made a ten-dollar bill look as if it had gone through a macerating machine, to see his best girl at the opera get mashed on a bow-legged tenor.

LIFE IN SIAM.

In 1841 a young man, named Jno. H. Chandler, felt it to be his duty to go to Burmah and join in the work of Baptist Missions in that country. The name of Chandler is an honored one in the literature and labor of the Baptist Church; and on this gentleman and his accomplished wife has fallen a just share of the honor which follows devoted toil. Mr. Chandler at first went only as a lay missionary but subsequently entered the ministry as a regularly ordained clergyman. He brought to the work the skill of a mechanical engineer, and a thorough mastery of the arts of printing and type-founding. He was soon transferred to Siam, and made his home at Bangkok, the capital of the kingdom. Here his ready facility for acquiring the language made him both useful and busy. He wrote several religious and scientific works in Siamese, and rendered himself valuable to the king and his court as translator of important documents. His wife, formerly Miss Crossman, of Utica, N. Y., made herself eminently useful in connection with the work of the mission. Both in Burmah and Siam she was at the head of schools for the natives, and in later years she had at Bangkok a school for the children of the nobles and princes.

One of the almost inevitable results of mission work is the breaking down of the health of those engaged in it. And this is especially the case in such a debilitating climate as that of Siam. This breaking down generally comes after a short term of service. The Rev. Mr. Chandler and his wife were no exceptions, in this respect, to the ordinary lot of missionaries. Their labors had been arduous and various. Mr. Chandler had served with the Foreign Missionary Society till 1836. Then he was occupied with various evangelical and literary duties until in 1839 he became United States Consul at Bangkok. He was also tutor to the present King of Siam, whose full name is Ohra Bard Sondech Paramindar Manu Chulalongkorn Club Chi Chow Chow Yuhna. The official title of this monarch is simply "Chulalongkorn."

The undermining of Mr. Chandler's health went on gradually for years, until in 1872 he entirely broke down. In Bangkok he received medical treatment, and also on his way to this country and back again in 1876. But the effect of all this was rather to patch up than to cure. It was not until 1883, that he and his wife began to experience substantial relief. But we will let them tell their own story, which will be found exceedingly interesting. Recently a correspondent of one of our daily papers visited them at their home in Camden, N. J., at which place they have been residing since their return from Siam. He found them hearty and cheerful people, considerably past middle life, and giving no indication, either in appearance or manner, of ever having been miserable invalids.

The Rev. Mr. Chandler, conversing freely about his experience, said, substantially:

"After coming to this country in 1876, I returned to Siam with somewhat improved health, intending to stay six years. Such was my condition, however, and that of my wife, that we were compelled to return in three. I was a complete wreck. My lung weakness was so great that for months at a time I could not write or read. The nerves of my stomach were totally demoralized. My food could not digest. I had to lay aside all my teaching and missionary labor. I required an attendant all the time and was unable to do either mental or physical work. My sleep was broken and unsatisfactory. I was also troubled with palpitation of the heart, with diabetes and with an obstinate catarrh of ten years standing. Altogether, I was a very sick man."

"While thus a sufferer, the Rev. Dr. MacFarland, a Presbyterian missionary at Bangkok, called my attention to 'Compound Oxygen.' He had tried it for indigestion and general ability, and had found it very beneficial.

"While I was on my way home I found myself in a very critical condition, and almost gave up the hope of recovering health. On reaching Philadelphia, I consulted Drs. Starkey & Paley, and at once began the use of Compound Oxygen. It acted like a charm. Very soon I felt signs of returning strength. In the matter of diabetes, the relief was particularly noticeable. Improvement went on gradually, but surely. I became so that I could eat with regularity and really enjoy my food. In time my old symptoms of wretchedness and weariness passed away, and I was myself again."

"To what extent are you able to perform such labors as you formerly could?" was asked.

"You may judge of my strength and health when I tell you that I was with the Siamese Embassy in New York and Washington a few months ago, traveling with them and going about as freely and energetically as any of them. Compound Oxygen had so recruited my system that the unusual exercise of travel had no unpleasant effect on me: nor was I in any respect the worse for my journey. I think I am now able to endure almost as severe labor as at any period of my life."

Mrs. Chandler, who seemed to be in excellent health, then cheerfully gave her experience. She said in substance:

"From my early girlhood I have been ambitious to attain the highest degree of knowledge and of usefulness. I wanted to go as a missionary to some heathen country, and I labored to be prepared for it. My gift for the acquisition of languages proved of great service to me. First I assisted in a missionary school in Burmah; then I taught schools of the native Siamese; I had, among others, the brother of the present king under my care, and a number of the children of the nobility, to whom I taught the English language. I also did much translating. So arduous were my labors that my health, which had for some time been failing, broke down in 1873. I had been of buoyant spirit, but my nerves were exhausted, and I sank down. Vitality gave out. Endurance failed. I gave up all my work. I was so low that on arriving in this country in 1876 no physician would give me any encouragement. When I returned to Siam it was with only partially restored health. I broke down again, and for months was absolutely helpless. I was nervous to a frightful extent, and, in spite of the most earnest endeavors, could not obtain satisfactory sleep. We could not see our way clear to leave Bangkok until 1880. When I began to pack, I was afraid I could not go through such a heavy undertaking. In the midst of this terrible state of depression and dejection Dr. MacFarland handed my husband one of the 'Starkey & Paley' books about Compound Oxygen. It seemed to me that this must be a beneficial remedy. On the homeward voyage I improved a little.

"On arriving here I at once sought Starkey & Paley, procured a home treatment, and faithfully followed the directions. Has it done me good? Look at me now. I am restored to my old good health. There could have been no severer test than in my case."

In concluding a very pleasant conversation the Rev. Mr. Chandler and his excellent lady both remarked that, with gratitude to God for their restoration, they are at all times free to speak of what Drs. Starkey & Paley have done for them with Compound Oxygen. Considering the remedy completely adapted to their cases and to similar ones, they have no hesitation in making their recovery known, for the benefit of the great army of invalids who are seeking relief and who may be happy in thus finding it.

A "Treatise on Compound Oxygen," containing a history of the discovery and mode of action of this remarkable curative agent, and a large record of surprising cures in Consumption, Catarrh, Neuralgia, Bronchitis, Asthma, etc., and wide range of diseases will be sent free. Address, Drs. STARKEY & PALEY, 1109 and 1111 Girard St., Philadelphia.

A BLANK SUNDAY.—"Not much of a sermon, I own, uncle. But wasn't the pulpit prettily decorated with those evergreens?" "Oh, yes! plenty of cover, my dear, but very little game!"

A SUCCESSFUL ENTERPRISE.

[From the N. Y. Sun.]

The Trade-mark, "JAMES MEANS \$3 SHOE," has probably attained a wider celebrity than any other brand which has ever been applied to shoes in this country. Messrs. MEANS & CO. say that the constant and rapid growth of their business can only be accounted for by the fact that every wearer who gives the JAMES MEANS \$3 SHOE a practical test becomes a "drummer" for the factory, by recommending the goods to his friends. All over the country these drummers are at work; and, as they are constantly multiplying in number, the result may be imagined. Messrs. MEANS & CO.'s methods of business are radically different from those employed by any other manufacturers; theirs is the only factory in the country which confines its production to three kinds of shoes. This simplification means a large saving in the cost of production. In these goods "selling points" are not striven for; extreme durability is first looked after. Other manufacturers, whose trade-marks are not known, are compelled to sacrifice durability in order to secure "selling points" in their goods. The idea of embodying in their trade-mark a fixed standard of retail price was a piece of remarkable originality on the part of these manufacturers.

Simplicity in factory operations makes economy in production. Only three kinds of shoes are made in JAMES MEANS & CO.'s factory. Other factories make from fifty to one hundred kinds, causing complexity of methods, and increasing cost of product.

THE ROYAL AN AMMONIACAL AND SHORT-WEIGHT BAKING POWDER.

VIEWS OF THE STATE CHEMIST OF MAINE

I HAVE procured in our open market and analyzed samples of Cleveland's Superior Baking Powder, and the Royal Baking Powder.

Cleveland's Powder I find to be composed of good, pure, wholesome materials properly combined for producing the maximum of gas, and it is in every respect a healthful and desirable article.

The Royal Baking Powder I find to be more complicated in composition, and while the material it is made from is fairly good, it contains one ingredient that should not enter into the composition of any baking powder—namely: *Carbonate of Ammonia*. This is a strong alkali, unfit for human consumption, and I am surprised that this chemical should be used when it is so well known to be injurious to health in anything used for food. In comparison there should be no hesitation in choosing Cleveland's Baking Powder for purity and wholesomeness.

Cleveland's Powder gives off its gas slowly and evenly, while the Royal passes off much quicker. It is, perhaps needless to say that in this respect the Cleveland Powder has the advantage.

The samples of the Royal Powder, which I have carefully weighed, are almost invariably short weight, from $\frac{1}{2}$ to $\frac{1}{4}$ oz., while the Cleveland Powder holds full weight.

PORTLAND, ME., August 11th, 1884.

FRANK L. BARTLETT,
Maine State Assayer.

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WILL SAVE THE HAIR.

And keep it in a strong and healthy condition, because it will stimulate the roots of the hair, and restore the natural action upon which its growth depends.

BURNETT'S FLAVORING EXTRACTS are absolutely pure.

* * * * Young or middle-aged men suffering from nervous debility or other delicate diseases, however induced, speedily and permanently cured. Address, WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Buffalo, N. Y.

LUNDGREN'S PERFUME, Edena. Lundgren's Perfume, Maréchal Niel Rose. Lundgren's Perfume, Alpine Violet. Lundgren's Perfume, Lily of the Valley.

USE promptly DR. PIERCE'S EXTRACT OF SMARTWEED for diarrhoea, cholera morbus, dysentery or bloody-flux, and colic or cramps in stomach or bowels.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhoea.

Twenty-five cents a bottle.

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MARKED BENEFIT IN INDIGESTION.

DR. A. L. HALL, Fair Haven, N. Y., says: "Have prescribed it with marked benefit in indigestion and urinary troubles."

SUCCESS.

If success be the true test of merit, it is a settled fact that "Brown's Bronchial Troches" have no equal for the prompt relief of Coughs, Colds and Throat Troubles. Sold only in boxes. Price 25cts.

A POPULAR minister was asked the other day how it was possible for him to preach a new sermon every Sunday year after year, and to find something new to say. "Doesn't it give you a great deal of thought and trouble?" "Oh, no," was the reply. "It is a mere matter of habit. My sermons have never kept me awake five minutes." "Ah!" said the other, "that, then, is probably the reason why they don't keep other people awake either."

THERE is no affinity between cheap and useless beef, wine and iron tonics and the LIEBIG CO.'S COCA BEEF TONIC, a real renovant of strength and restorative of health. "It is the best tonic there is. Every physician to whom I have recommended it has found it so," says PROFESSOR H. B. DRAKE, M.D., Detroit, Mich. It imparts new tone to the liver, stomach, kidneys and bowels, and by its regitative action affords relief from headache, constipation and languor.

THE specialty of the COLTON DENTAL ASSOCIATION is the painless extraction of teeth with laughing-gas—their invention. Over 143,000 operations. See patients' names on their scroll at their office 19 Cooper Institute, New York.

ANGOSTURA BITTERS do not only distinguish themselves by their flavor and aromatic odor above all others generally used, but they are also a sure preventive for all diseases originating from the digestive organs. Beware of counterfeits. Ask your grocer or druggist for the genuine article, manufactured by DR. J. G. B. SIEGERT & SONS.

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BLAIR'S PILLS.—Great English Gout and Rheumatic Remedy. Oval box, \$1; round, 50c. At all druggists.

The light that lies
In woman's eyes!

Is a ray of heaven's own brightness; but it is, alas! often dimmed or quenched by some wearing disease, perhaps silently borne, but taking all comfort and enjoyment out of life. That light of the household can be rekindled and made to glow with its natural brightness. DR. R. V. PIERCE'S "FAVORITE PRESCRIPTION" is a potent specific for most of the chronic weaknesses and diseases peculiar to women.

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LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

Positively Cured by these Little Pills. They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, &c. They regulate the Bowels and prevent Constipation and Piles. The smallest and easiest to take. Only one pill a dose. 40 in a vial. Purely Vegetable. Price 25 cents. 5 vials by mail for \$1.00.

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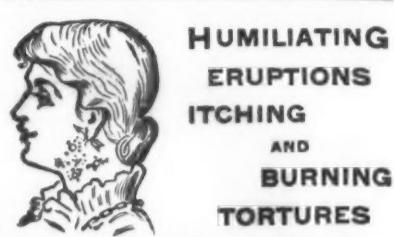
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CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the new blood purifier, cleanses the blood and perspiration of imp

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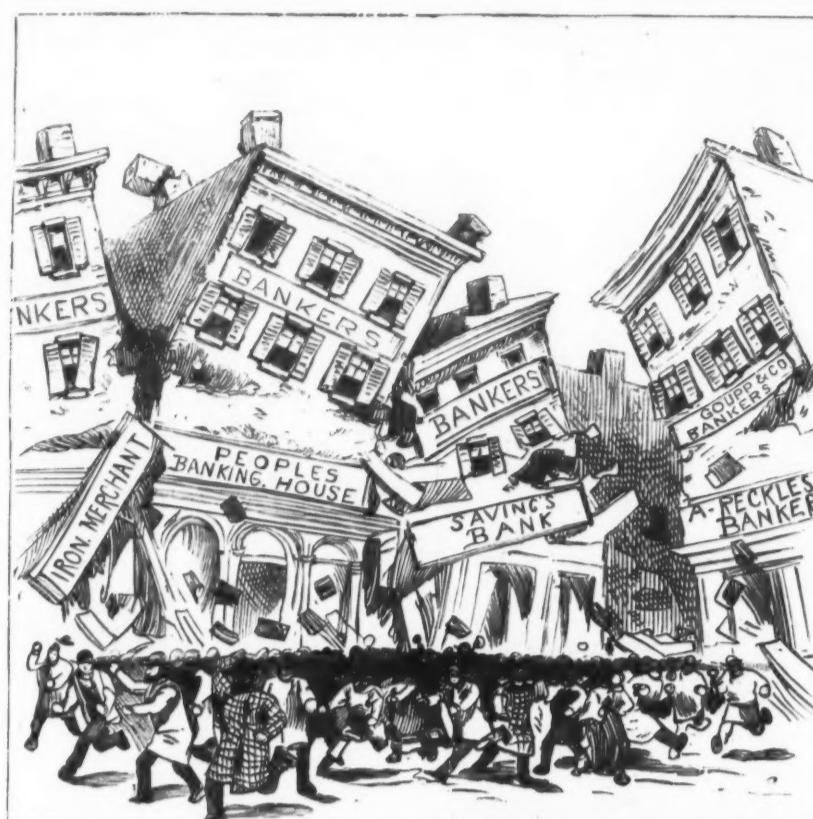
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It is an unfailing remedy for diseases of the Kidneys and Liver.

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It does not injure the teeth, cause headache, or produce constipation—other Iron medicines do.

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SMILES ARE BECOMING

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SOZODONT

Which hardens and invigorates the gums, purifies and perfumes the breath, beautifies and preserves the teeth from youth to old age.

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"HOMELY WOMEN" ONLY.

We dedicate this collection of toilet secrets, not to the pretty women (they have advantages enough without being told how to double their beauty), but to the plainer sisterhood—to those who look in the glass and are not satisfied with what they see. For such we have collected hundreds of valuable receipts with advertisements of latest inventions of the toilet, etc. Price \$1. Agents wanted. BROWN SHERBROOK & CO., 27 Hollis St., Boston, Mass.

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SO EXQUISITE, SO SOOTHING, SO REFRESHING.
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